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## Diary of the Week.

THE counter attack on the House of Commons, which the Unionist Party is organising as a set-off to the Liberal assault on the Veto, was opened on Friday week by Mr. Balfour in the City. He pronounced for a Senate—designed to remedy the great defect of the present House of Lords, which was that it lacked, not "efficiency," but "strength." "I do not want," said Mr. Balfour, "a better Second Chamber. I want a stronger Second Chamber." By some miracle of constructive ingenuity this body was not to "suck" virtue from the House of Commons, and yet was to be powerful enough to represent "not the passing mood of the people," but its "permanent wishes." He threatened that a future Tory Party would undo a Liberal restriction of the Veto, but confined his outline of methods to a hint that the new Chamber must be independent of the party machine and the party spirit.

ON Wednesday Lord Rosebery seconded the assault by giving notice of his reform resolutions which he is to move in Committee on Monday. They run as follows:—

(1) That a strong and efficient Second Chamber is not merely an integral part of the British Constitution, but necessary to the well-being of the State and the balance of Parliament.

(2) That a Second Chamber can best be obtained by reforming the House of Lords.

(3) That the necessary preliminary of such a reform and reconstitution is the acceptance of the principle that the possession of a peerage shall no longer in itself give the right to sit and vote in the House of Lords.

The last resolution may simply mean a mild extension of the principle of Representative Peers as it now ob-

tains in Scotland and Ireland; not a wholesale clearance of "backwoodsmen." 1910 this were contemplated, these gentlemen might show Lord Rosebery that a Lord was a Lord for a' that. But Lord Rosebery's legislative children are mostly short-lived, even if they do not perish in the birth-throe.

IN answer to these manœuvrings, the Government have taken a vigorous step for restoring the full power of the House of Commons over finance, and therefore over the Executive. Acting as "House of Commons men," even more directly than as Ministers, they have reverted to the old and proper practice of passing a Vote on Account for a short period, instead of for six months. This was the custom before 1896, when Mr. Balfour, who more than any statesman has weakened the House's control over the Executive, substituted for it votes which put the House at his mercy for the greater part of the Session.

THE Government now propose to give themselves (or their successors) a short run of supply, lasting from April 1st till the middle of May. The Chancellor properly made no secret as to the motive of this tactic. It ties every Government to the House of Commons, and will prevent Mr. Balfour, if he comes in, ruling by the House of Lords, independently of the body which alone has a right to make and unmake Ministries. "We do not think it expedient," said the Chancellor, "to invite the House of Commons at this stage to arm the Executive with funds that would make it practically independent of the House of Commons, as far as funds are concerned, for more than that very crucial period in its history." (i.e., the interval between April 1st and May 15th.)

THIS simple precaution, like every fresh reminder and penalty of the act of November 30, naturally drove the Opposition to fury, for it cripples their power to take office till the Commons get back their rights. Mr. Chamberlain, who in Mr. Balfour's unfortunate and we are afraid prolonged absence, acts for the leaderless, called it "a shabby game," the meaning of which was that the Government would leave a "financial morass" for their successors. "You and the Lords," retorted Mr. Bowles, "dugged the morass on advice from Birmingham, where they provide false gods for the heathen and false policies for British statesmen." Lord Hugh Cecil said this was the first instance of the Commons withholding Supply since the time of Charles I.—an ominous and quite apposite reference. Mr. Lloyd George again made the appropriate reply: The Government were only doing what Lord Hugh Cecil's father did, but they wanted to be rid of the financial interference of the Lords, and were determined that the Tories and their fellow-conspirators in the representative House should not do without the financial interference of the House of Commons.

ON Monday, Lord Lansdowne preferred a touching plea for the immediate resuscitation of the Budget which he killed last November. No doubt its rejection had

put finance "out of joint," but as "reasonable and patriotic people" the Lords wanted to minimise the mischief. They thought only of the taxpayers. Unfortunately, the Government thought only of party. Why should not one part of the Budget be dealt with apart from the rest, and bits of it at least sent up to the House that was panting to pass it? Lord Lansdowne carefully refrained from pledging himself to support the Budget as it stood. To this Lord Crewe replied that if the Government attempted to cut up the Budget and thus destroy the Commons' control of it, their followers' chassepots would go off of themselves. The Lord Chancellor added that the financial trouble and the necessity of borrowing were "created wholly and solely by the unprecedented and, as I think, constitutionally unjustifiable interference of this House by throwing out the Budget of last year." Lord St. Aldwyn suggested the mild course that the Commons should pass resolutions legalising the collection of the income tax. But by the action of the Peers last November the validity of such resolutions has been destroyed.

THE Liberal Party has reason for grave concern in the Army and Navy Estimates. The first have reached £27,760,000, and show an increase over last year of £325,000. All this and more goes to the increased cost of the Territorials, whose establishment now stands at over 312,000, with an actual strength of 271,000. Mr. Haldane thanked the Lords Lieutenant and the newspapers, Liberal and Tory, which had contributed to this result. But he threw no real light on two important problems of Army organisation. The first was the increase which he has brought about in the old Stanhope standard of the strength of our expeditionary force, which, over twenty years ago, was fixed at two army corps. Mr. Haldane replied that he had settled this strength at a point between Tory and Liberal policy. He gave a number of reasons for keeping 11,000 men in the very expensive South African station. The most persuasive of these appears to be that the men will be useful either for trouble in India or, if not in India, in Egypt, and that, in any case, South Africa wanted to retain them, and that it was not convenient for them to go. The truth probably is that they are kept in South Africa because if they were sent home the Army would have to be reduced.

MORE serious still are the Navy Estimates. They show a total of £40,603,700. This the "Daily Mail" proudly describes as a "record," and, in fact, it exhibits an increase of £5,461,000 over last year's Estimates. New construction alone is to cost £13,279,830. Nearly twelve millions of this total will be devoted to "Dreadnoughts" now on the stocks, and to the four "contingent" ships begun this April, and less than a million and a half is for a new and additional programme. This proves to be of the most extensive character. Five more "Dreadnoughts"—four battleships and one nominal cruiser, we imagine—are to be constructed, two by the dockyards and three by private contract. These vessels will be ready at the end of 1912, or the beginning of 1913, so that it is probable that at that time we shall possess 27 or 29 "Dreadnoughts" to Germany's thirteen, in addition to overwhelming power in other ships! In addition to these monsters, we are to build five protected cruisers, twenty destroyers, and a number of submarines, while we are experimenting with an airship. The Estimates, says the Parliamentary Correspondent of the "Chronicle," "sent a shiver through the Lobby." But apparently the Liberal Party will

only shiver. A still more characteristic comment was that of a Liberal member, "Awful, but please don't mention my name."

THE London County Council elections have practically overthrown the only "Moderate" Council which the constituencies ever chose. The "Municipal Reformers," so called because they are neither municipalists nor reformers, went into the fight with a majority of forty (seventy-nine to thirty-nine), and returned from it with one of two (sixty to fifty-eight). This they can increase by taking all the aldermen they can get, but their power is gone. They appear to feel this, for they have invited the Progressives to meet them in conference, and discuss the means of governing the Council on non-party lines. Watch-dogs have had these invitations before, and usually have the sense to decline them. The Progressives must not forget that they have still to win back middle-class London to its old allegiance to their banners. It is disgusted with the wrecking of the "reformers," but it has not recovered its zeal for a forward policy. Only about fifty-three per cent. of the electors voted, and the discredited party retains a majority of votes. But the Progressives have to recapture constituencies of the type of Clapham, Brixton, Norwood, and Chelsea, in order to reinforce the strong industrial vote which they have received from North and East London and the inner Southern divisions where the work-people live.

SIR GEORGE WHITE, the leader of the Nonconformist Party, made a strong protest on Thursday against the Government's continued acquiescence in the state of the Congo. It was clear that the Belgian Government neither meant nor desired reform, and were practically setting Europe at defiance. Sir Edward Grey could promise nothing, except that the annexation of the Congo would not yet be recognised, which is a mere form. He suggested that the hope of awaking Belgian sense of responsibility still existed, but produced no scrap of evidence to show that this was the case. The more "Dreadnoughts" we build, the weaker our foreign policy becomes, so far as any moral purpose is concerned.

ON Wednesday, to the general surprise, Nicholas Tchaykowsky was dismissed by his Russian judges with a verdict of "Not proven." His companion, the aged Madame Breshkowsky, who had avowed her connection with the Socialist Revolutionary Party, and gloried in it, was exiled to Siberia. It is more than two years since Mr. Tchaykowsky, an exile who usually lives near London, was arrested, somewhat disguised and carrying a false passport, as he was leaving St. Petersburg. He was flung into the fortress prison of St. Peter and Paul, and few of his friends, remembering his record as one of the founders of the revolutionary movement of the 'seventies, expected that he would be tried at all. But an influential petition from his American and English friends, backed by several newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic, convinced the autocracy that it had to deal with a man whose character had won for him a high position abroad. He was even released on bail of £5,000. The trial has been conducted in secret, but it was generally known that the chief witness was a spy ex-criminal, a man who had been convicted of murder and brigandage before, and of perjury after he joined the police. Other witnesses were conveniently absent. It should not be assumed that the procedure of Russian political trials has improved because Mr. Tchaykowsky has been acquitted. Few prisoners who

come before these courts are well known abroad. No great harm ever comes to the Tolstoyes, or the Gorkys. It is the obscure and friendless who pay.—There is once more talk of a political crisis. All the centre parties in the Duma, including even the Octobrists, have been solemnly telling M. Stolypin that things are at a standstill, and that reform is impossible. A general election is accordingly proposed. What is wanted is rather a "purgé" in Court circles.

THE opening of the new Diet in Finland marks a new stage in one of the most serious conflicts which Europe is likely to witness this century. There is, we are afraid, reason to suppose that the solemn Act of Assurance at the Diet of Borgo, sanctioning the separate Finnish Constitution signed by Alexander I. and confirmed by succeeding Czars, may be torn up. It is not promising that so many stories of Finnish plots are being scattered among European newspapers. At the same time a few German and Russian international lawyers, whose names would not, we fear, be immediately recognised in the Universities of Europe, have been persuaded to state that Finland is a mere province or "border territory" of Russia, with no right to rule herself. Arguments supporting this theory are hardly serious, but its appearance at this hour is much more significant. Surely Russia will not take a step that must seriously embroil her with British opinion.

THE Berlin Socialists carried out their "franchise walk" on Sunday with perfect success. The police held Treptow Park in force, mounted and afoot, rural and urban. Some feints were made against it, and one group of demonstrators had a taste of the quality of the police, who fired into it, though its behaviour was perfectly orderly, and wounded as many as twenty-five persons by bullet or sabre. Meanwhile, the real demonstration took place where the police had least expected it, in the Tiergarten, on the very steps of the Siegessäule, and in front of the Reichstag. Speeches were made, the Marseillaise was sung, and the crowd quietly dispersed before reinforcements could arrive. The affair proves three things—(1) that a crowd of tens of thousands of men can keep a secret, for no public announcement of the rendezvous had been given; (2) that the police spies do not know their business; and (3) that these demonstrations, which the Government tries to repress with bullets and sabres and imprisonment, are as orderly, when they are left alone, as any gathering in church. Prussian society shivers a little at the spectacle of the courage, determination, and, above all, the perfect organisation of the masses. The squirearchy drilled them into discipline. But it is the Socialistic leaders whom they obey.

THE Naval Estimates have been this week before the Reichstag. There was an attack in the interest of rival firms on the Krupp monopoly, which dates from the days of Bismarck and the National Liberal ascendancy. The discussion merits our attention only because it drew from Admiral von Tirpitz the statement that naval armor costs per ton £125 in Russia, £115 in France, £97 in England, Italy, and Austria, only £87 in the United States, and some still lower figure (undisclosed) in Germany. Our Admiralty should be closely questioned on that. There was a general discussion on Anglo-German rivalry, in which the Socialist, Herr Südekum, explained the grounds of English uneasiness, pointed out how little Germany has to protect in the shape of Colonies, and warned the German mercantile class that if their arma-

ments forced us into reprisals, the adoption of protection would be a part of them. Herr von Bethmann Hollweg made an anodyne reply about the purpose of German armaments, which, of course, is purely defensive, a reply in the key of his previous invitation to confidential relations between the two countries. There was, however, no hint of any reduction of armaments, nor any invitation to discuss the question.

THERE is evidently something fatal to human virtue in the process of robbing a church. The French are now digesting a scandal almost worthy of Tudor times, and not a little reminiscent of the process by which Thomas Cromwell built up an aristocracy on the ruins of the English monasteries. Among the liquidators appointed after the dispersal of the religious orders, to arrange their property, was a certain Duez, who started life as a clerk in a drapery warehouse, and rose to this position of trust by some protection which has not yet been disclosed. He had thirteen orders to deal with, and he admits annexing some £200,000 in the process. Some of his methods were ingenious. He set to work with the aid of an "heraldic expert" to discover surviving relatives of the original pious donors. To these he assigned the monastic properties, and as they were commonly quite unaware of the fortunate relationship, he had no difficulty in charging a commission of 50 per cent. It is not yet known how he so long contrived to escape exposure. It is well over a year since we read the first hints of this scandal in the Socialist Press. The protection, whatever it was, seems to have been withdrawn somewhere about the time of M. Briand's arrival at the head of affairs. The instinct which makes Panamas will doubtless insist on probing the affair, with the usual consequences to some political reputations.

Two legal appointments of some consequence have been made. Sir John Bigham retires somewhat mysteriously from the Presidency of the Divorce Court and becomes a peer, and his place is taken by Sir Samuel Evans, the Solicitor-General. Sir Samuel made a highly competent Solicitor-General, and he should make an equally good judge. The new Solicitor-General is Mr. Rufus Isaacs, the most accomplished advocate of his time. The new appointments have been filled without loss or check to the Government. Colonel Seely has been re-elected by a majority of 3,333, and, after their defeat in St. George-in-the-East, the Conservatives did not challenge Mr. Isaacs's re-election.

DR. KING, the aged Bishop of Lincoln, died on Tuesday at the age of eighty-one. A friend and pupil of Pusey's, Dr. King was one of Mr. Gladstone's High Church Bishops, and he came near to being one of the martyrs of his party. The judgment in the Lincoln case, with which his name will be associated, went both for and against the ceremonial practices which he favored. But he accepted it, and passed out of the fighting ranks. His real distinction was the unfailing sweetness of his character and demeanor, revealed in a beautiful dying message to his people. Almost alone among the Bishops he represented the tradition of saintliness which the Church of England has never formally dissociated from its higher priesthood.—Judging by Mr. Jowett's brilliant Presidential Address to the Free Church Council, Non-conformity also feels the absence of this ideal from its ministry and the presence of a certain flippancy, sensationalism, and want of depth in tone and doctrine. Later on Dr. Forsyth made a fierce attack on the new theology. But new movements thrive on attack.



## Politics and Affairs.

### THE THREAT TO EUROPEAN DEMOCRACY.

THE proposal by a Liberal Government of a naval Budget of over 40½ millions, closely following on a military Budget of 27½ millions, is a matter of which much will and must be heard. The two sums together represent an increase in a single year of close on six millions of war expenditure. Issued in a time of profound peace, they exceed by 3½ millions the votes passed in the second of the years of feverish shipbuilding produced by the after-thought of the perils of the South African war. No Tory Administration has ever made such demands on the nation's purse. On account of the Navy, the second great Gladstone Government, in the year in which it quitted office, asked directly for not much more than a quarter of the sum which Mr. Asquith and Mr. McKenna now demand of our democracy. For the two services together it only called for about a quarter of a million more than Mr. Haldane's Bill for the Territorial and Regular Army. The vote for naval construction alone exceeds by over two millions the total expenditure on our Army and Navy which led Peel to suggest that the time had come "when the powerful countries of Europe should reduce their armaments." The year 1910 is, therefore, to be marked with black in the annals of Liberalism. Either it, or Europe, or both, have gravely changed for the worse, since the middle-aged men of to-day were young. For the worse, we say, but not for the worst. This sixty-eight million war Budget represents a mere interim stage of expenditure; a moment's halt of the caravan on its journey to the "re-barbarisation" of Europe. This year's forty millions for the Navy is next year's forty-five millions, and that, in its turn, is the easily-crossed stepping-stone to the fifty million naval Budget of 1912.

This is not a situation which the organised British and Irish democracies can accept, knowing, as they do, that when its full consequences appear, the hope of effective social reform is blotted out of the landscape of our politics. If it were the sole condition of our island safety, they would assent. But they feel that, in great part at least, it is a political game, played by the Tories for power, and capped by the Liberals because they are afraid the game may succeed. Their decision cannot be lightly taken, but we must ask the Prime Minister and the Government to consider how gravely they are upon their defence. For these Estimates flow less from the nation's need than from the speech of its servants. The Government sowed dragon's teeth, and the nation reaps taxes. We should have said that the statement of the naval case made last year by Mr. Asquith and Mr. McKenna, fruitful parent, as it was, of all the alarms that have succeeded it, had been almost obliterated by later events. That we may judge how far this is the case it is only necessary to compare those speeches with the admission of the unquestioned facts made by the "Navy League Annual." Mr. Asquith and Mr. McKenna based their demand for the four contingent "Dreadnoughts" on an expectation of 17 German "Dreadnoughts" in

the spring of 1912, a figure which Mr. Balfour, not to be outdone in speculative exaggeration, enlarged from 21 to 25. This estimate, in turn, was based on a false view of an "acceleration" of the German Naval Law, a charge which we conceive to be inconsistent with its general scheme and legal character. The 1908 ships, said Mr. McKenna, would all be completed before their time, and the 1909 ships were being hurried forward with corresponding haste. How does this suggestion look to-day? Writing six months later, the Editor of the "Annual" informs us that these 1908 ships were "all late in being laid down"; that the first German quartette of "Dreadnoughts" were equally late, and that, taking the scheme as it stands, the so-called later acceleration represented an effort to wipe out these earlier delays and bring the whole instrument up to time. On this we have the solemn and public assurance of Admiral von Tirpitz and the German Ambassador, not merely that there is no such aim as that of naval equality with England, but that by the autumn of 1912 Germany can only have her regular complement of thirteen "Dreadnoughts" in commission, and therefore that in the spring she will have only eleven. Does Mr. McKenna accept this statement? He has given up his seventeen German "Dreadnoughts" for April, 1912, and with that admission his case falls to the ground. He is now providing twenty-two "Dreadnoughts" (including the "Nelsons") of a superior calibre to the thirteen German "Dreadnoughts" which will be on the seas in the autumn of 1912. If we take the tables of comparative strength given by the "Navy League Annual," which assumes an earlier appearance of the German thirteen, we shall have in April, 1912, 101 modern battleships and armored cruisers of 1,493,800 tons against Germany's forty-eight such ships of 578,120 tons. These ships are backed by a *personnel* incomparably superior to Germany's, and by an expenditure which doubles hers. This strength we could have attained without alarmist speeches and without contingent "Dreadnoughts," and, above all, without the sensational picture of a stealthy German assault on our naval greatness, the colors of which have already faded away, save on the hoardings where the tatters of the Tory electioneering posters shake against the wind. It constitutes an ample, a magnificent, provision against even seventeen German "Dreadnoughts." But Mr. McKenna's seventeen are gone, and even the "Times," abandoning them, and conjuring up "a similar German acceleration" that "may take place hereafter," or "may, indeed, be already taking place," can only body forth a "contingent" fifteen for 1912, to vanish in turn when they have served their polemical purpose.

If these calculations are sound, we cannot escape the conclusion that the Government have put four unnecessary "Dreadnoughts," eight squandered millions, to the debit of social reform and of the advancement of national efficiency. What of the future? The new programme really means that early in 1913 we may have twenty-seven or twenty-nine "Dreadnoughts" to Germany's thirteen. Within the space of twelve months the Mother Country and her dependent States, pioneers and exemplars in the arts of



peace, and subject still to Liberal doctrine and guidance, will be planning or finishing or laying down about fifteen "Dreadnoughts," a fleet equal to that of the whole European and American world put together, with subordinate items too numerous to mention. The five new "Dreadnoughts" to which we are committed are next year's burdens; part of the four "contingents" are largely this year's. By the time they are laid down we shall be planning five or six more, with trimmings in the shape of protected cruisers, destroyers, submarines, and airships. The game is avowedly to give Germany an idea of the hopelessness of a further contest, and to head her off an expansion of her Naval Act after 1911, when her construction of "Dreadnoughts" drops to two a year. Policy is brushed aside from these calculations, for Mr. McKenna informs us that whatever Germany says, she goes on building just the same.

But what if policy has something to say, after all? What if our shipbuilding goes on producing what it always has produced—merely more German shipbuilding? What if the effect among the Germans is to heighten the unthinking fears, as *we* think, the rational calculations, as *they* think, that we mean to "bottle up" either their fleet or their diplomacy? Our popular speakers and writers have left nothing undone to convince them that we are an unfriendly Power. They have retorted, and now we have a mechanical statesmanship, here and in Germany, moving doggedly along a blind track, till it stumbles into war. It will be too late to talk of policy then. But it is not too late now. The Liberal Party will have to brace itself for an unflinching inquisition into the following points:—

1. What view of comparative naval strengths, here and in Germany, does the Ministry now hold, in contradistinction to that which it professed in March, 1909?
2. What is its measurement of naval power for this country, and to which of the Prime Minister's two definitions of the two-Power standard do these estimates correspond?
3. What precise and definite effort has it made to secure either an understanding on armaments with Germany, or a revision of the laws of naval warfare?
4. What are its military engagements with France and Russia?
5. What is its general view of foreign policy, and its definition of the purpose and scope of our military and naval armaments?

When these questions are answered, and not before, the Liberal, Labor, and Irish Parties will be in a position to know whether they can support these Estimates. They will also know what shreds from the fabric of Gladstonian doctrine survive, and can conjecture what future remains for European and British democracy under the forbidding and all but fatal commitments with which it is threatened.

#### THE LORDS ATTACK ON THE COMMONS.

WHILE Liberals are deliberating, the House of Lords and its friends are acting. Indeed the present conflict between Lords and Commons differs from all

previous constitutional conflicts in our history, in that it is the established order, the forces of rank, wealth and privilege that have taken the aggressive. The Lords began operations more than three years ago with a deliberate defiance of a newly-elected and overwhelming majority, challenging it on two of the points which had undoubtedly been clearly submitted to the judgment of the people. They developed the attack last year when they claimed the right to "refer" the Budget to the people, and to establish for themselves the right of veto upon finance. They are proceeding now to criticise supply, to overthrow the precedent of 1861, to claim that the financial measures of the year should be submitted to them piecemeal. At the same time, conscious of the weakness inherent in their constitution, they develop schemes of reform. The objective is perfectly clear. There is to be a Second Chamber, not purely hereditary, but undoubtedly Conservative, which is to be in name co-ordinate with the House of Commons, and in fact prepotent. The attack is led from different sides by Lord Lansdowne, Lord Rosebery, and Mr. Balfour, but it converges on one and the same point.

Lord Lansdowne, on his part, presses his attack with his accustomed appearance of sweet reasonableness. He had always been anxious to assist the Government in avoiding the financial difficulties inherent in the rejection of the Budget. To do so would make rejection easy. He is even more anxious to assist them now. To do so covers up his own injury to the commonweal. Here, he says in effect, are some taxes to which objection was taken. But there are many others, and they, for the moment, are the more urgent, as to which we are all agreed. Why not send up these taxes to us? Why involve the nation in bewilderment and certain loss? Why not carry through what we all admit to be necessary, and postpone points of difference to a more convenient season? How foolish of the Government to stand on its dignity, and how unpatriotic to let its dignity get in the way of the public convenience! What Lord Lansdowne does not point out is that his simple plan merely destroys the whole case for the House of Commons. If the House of Commons is to control finance, there can be no separation of the taxes to which the Lords agree from those to which they are opposed. The Lords themselves made the necessity clear in 1860, and Mr. Gladstone, who was a man of resource, showed the House of Commons the way to deal with them. The rejection of the Bill for the Repeal of the Paper Duty was within the letter of the privileges claimed by the Lords, but it was a practical extension of their recognised powers, and it was deliberately met by the incorporation of the whole provision for the year in a single measure. No one then dreamt that the House of Lords would upset the whole financial arrangements of the nation by throwing out this comprehensive measure. People in the slow-going days of our fathers considered consequences. They were not content with consigning them to a distant region. But the House of Lords moves as other things, only it moves backwards, and with a recklessness which political writers more often charge on popular assemblies, it destroyed the whole elaborately arranged machinery for meeting the increase of national expenditure last year.

And now its remedy is that if we will be so good as to give up everything that we have ever contended for, to renounce the right of the House of Commons to control taxation, to submit our proposals one by one to its august consideration, it will have the grace to accept such as it likes, while the consideration of those that it does not like will be deferred to a more convenient season. In short, its veto on finance is not only to be general, but particular. Each several item is to pass its scrutiny, from which it follows that by a process of selection and elimination it can dictate the contents of the Budget in every particular. As an argument in support of this aggression, it makes use of the financial chaos which its own action has caused.

But the leaders of the peers have the wit to see that a House constituted so absurdly as theirs cannot permanently sustain such a position. They will therefore, themselves, set on foot schemes of reform, and we may well imagine that those schemes will go beyond the proposals of the Rosebery Committee. Lord Rosebery's resolutions admit the principle that something more than the accident of birth is desirable as a condition of becoming a legislator in a House which is to claim equal, or something more than equal, authority in the work of government. But whatever they propose in detail, we may be sure that they will carefully guard against any fundamental change of character. Mr. Balfour frankly tells us that he does not want a better House. What House could be better for his purposes? What House could be more subservient to his call? What House could more fully perform the function of a Conservative reserve? What House could be so purely partisan, so touchingly loyal to the party cry, so insolent to the people, so deaf to every cry of humanity, so tenacious of the privileges of property as against the rights of life?

Here, then, is the pivot and greatest limiting principle of reform. The new House of Lords must faithfully represent privilege, it must stand for vested interests, it must respect intoxicating liquors, it must embody unimaginative stupidity, it must present a barrier of brass to the plaint of the suffering, it must be ready to hold the glass to the drunkard's lips in the sacred name of the brewer's rights, it must be prepared to swear that food taxes take no morsel of bread from the hungry, it must defend the land from the people. There are many ways of filling such a house with much more plausible deference to modern notions than by merely summoning Lord No Zoo from his pleasures. Lord No Zoo may be left in peace. Perhaps he may be asked to cast his vote once in ten years for Lord Superior or the Duke of Consequences, and delegate his powers to these more up-to-date representatives of the anti-popular will. Perhaps he may find nominated ex-officials of approved Toryism sharing his privileges. But one thing will remain. "All Liberalism abandon, ye who enter here" will for ever be inscribed on the portals of the Second Chamber. And one other thing "reconstitution" may gain at the same time. The power of the Crown has always existed, a visible background to the House of Lords. True, as long as democratic states-

men remain inert, divided, irresolute, that power is little more than a shade. Yet there it is—a permanent, discomfiting possibility. The Lords are under the Crown. The Crown makes them, the Crown can unmake them, or at least change their complexion. Therefore, get rid of the Crown, or, better still, try and lay it across the track of progress. The reformers will doubtless aim at so reconstituting the Second Chamber that the Royal power is formally withdrawn. Revised by a dash of modernity, renovated and started on its new career by Act of Parliament, emancipated from the Crown, secure from the trouble and expense of popular elections, supreme in legislation, equal in finance, the new Second Chamber is to consummate by its very conception the destruction of democracy and the downfall of every hope of social progress.

#### WHAT IS THE FUNCTION OF THE BRITISH ARMY?

THIS week's debate on the Army Estimates, like so many which have preceded it, was remarkable rather for what it concealed than for what it revealed. It gave occasion to a farcical episode in which the Labor members voted against their own amendment. It drew from Mr. Haldane the usual buoyant speech, in which he explained away the usual stealthy increase in expense, and balanced it with the usual promise of a reduction in the future which never arrives. It provoked the familiar desultory talk about horses and aeroplanes. But on the larger issue of the purpose which this re-organised army is supposed to fill, there was an almost total silence. Mr. Wyndham, indeed, talked invasion, and the assumption that the repelling of this menace is the main reason for the existence of the army was allowed to pass almost unchallenged, save for a grave but brief protest from Sir Charles Dilke. To the mass mind this undoubtedly is the meaning of Mr. Haldane's scheme. It was for this that the "Daily Mail" and the "Englishman's Home" usurped the duties of the recruiting-sergeant. Mr. Haldane summoned the nation to think, and it has consistently thought invasion. Its popular and unofficial guides have doubtless followed what Swift used to call "the sound principles of political pseudology." It is only by focussing the public mind on some unreal danger that it can be induced to regard military questions seriously. The consequences, as Sir Charles Dilke pointed out, may gradually become threatening. There has been no substantial increase in the numerical total of our land forces. Some increase in the efficiency of the Territorials is balanced by a growing decline in the numbers of the regular reserve. It is the cost which continually expands. The pretext of preparing for an invasion which no serious authority believes to be possible, has been used to lure us into this expenditure. The lure becomes too patent, even for Mr. Haldane's power of adroit concealment, when we are faced with such Navy Estimates as those of Wednesday last. This doctrine of a dual line of defence threatens, if it be pushed much further, to add to the burdens of our insular position the not less crushing obligations of a land Power.

The Whigs had reduced the theory of our army to

a precise and limited formula. It had to defend India, to hold the garrisons, and to provide for "little wars." The defence of these islands was no part of its duty as they conceived it. For that the navy provided. The last contingency which they would have contemplated was that this army might have been called upon to take its share in a Continental campaign. The utmost liability which had been contemplated up to recent years was defined in 1888, in the Stanhope standard, which both parties accepted up to 1900, as the ability to send abroad two army corps. Mr. Haldane's scheme has substituted for these two corps some six or seven divisions, an increase of nearly 75 per cent. This has happened despite the disappearance of more than one permanent danger, against which our former preparations were mainly directed. The *entente* with France secured our position in Egypt, which the change of *régime* in Turkey has further assured. South Africa is a united Commonwealth, bound to provide for her own defence. Russia, if we may judge by events in Persia and the Balkans, is more nearly an ally than a friend. Two diplomatic instruments protect us in India—the Anglo-Russian Convention, which defines the spheres of influence and regulates the ancient rivalries of the two competing Empires, and the Japanese Alliance, which stipulates for the assistance of a Japanese Army in the now impossible event of an invasion of India. Australia and Canada provide by local militias for their own defence, and South Africa will certainly follow their example. What is it, then, that has happened since 1900, which excuses this immense expansion in our conceptions of the expeditionary force? The answer is as freely given outside Parliament as it is carefully ignored within it. The *entente cordiale* was, in fact, a defensive alliance. There is little reason to doubt the precise statements which have been made on the French side—by the "Temps," by M. Tardieu and M. André Méville, directly inspired as each of them is either by M. Delcassé or by his successor. We hear that we are under a formal obligation to assist the French armies with an expeditionary force, which would land in France in the event of an attack on France by Germany. This open secret is the property of all in the three countries concerned who pretend to be well-informed. It has been set out in black and white by the "Temps"; it has passed uncontradicted in the French Chamber; it has received publicity on German platforms from an authority so competent as Herr Bassermann, the leader of the National Liberals. It is only our own House of Commons which shows no curiosity to have it affirmed or denied. Here is a statement made by competent Continental authorities, which, if it be a fact, colors the whole of our diplomacy, and underlies the whole of our military and naval policy. Parliament, in the occasional annual reviews by which it supposes itself to control our foreign policy, is content to pass it without a question, while it votes the supplies which are unintelligible unless it be such an obligation as this which underlies them. Our army, Mr. Haldane explained, is a mean between what Liberal policy requires, and what the Opposition might require if it should come to power. It is too large for our needs; it is too small for theirs. A party of peace, in other

words, is creating a weapon for use in Continental complications, which is a needless burden to-day, and will be an inadequate force to-morrow.

There are other points at which the clear thinking that was to characterise Mr. Haldane's term of office seems to halt. He was at some pains to justify the retention of the 11,000 men who at present garrison South Africa. On the one hand, he declared that we were under a pledge to South Africa to keep them there, but they would be withdrawn when the Commonwealth could undertake its own defence. On the other hand, he urged that this force should be kept at the remoter end of Africa, for use at need in Egypt or in India. The two defences contradict each other, and neither will bear examination. If India and Egypt need this aid, it ought not to be withdrawn after South Africa has reorganised its local defence. One smiles a little at the idea that Generals Botha and De Wet, with the united veteran forces of ex-Burghers and English Colonials behind them, can require this exiguous town-bred garrison for their defence. It is equally difficult to understand what advantage comes to Egypt or India from keeping men in a spot much less accessible than Aldershot at nearly double the cost. The fact is, we suppose, that under the Cardwell system, every superfluous battalion kept abroad furnishes an argument for retaining another superfluous battalion at home. The real reason which stands in the way of a reduction of the army is this unavowed policy which has made us a partner in Continental combinations. We have taken our part as a member of a Continental group in a game to influence the Continental balance of power. Our army, small as it is, plays a certain *rôle* in that game. If it is important for the French to withdraw the white garrison from Algeria, it is also important for them to secure even so small a reinforcement as we could furnish to their land forces. So long as Parliament is content to leave such vital matters of foreign policy an unexplored mystery, so long will our military schemes fail to answer the Liberal promises of retrenchment.

#### THE FUTURE OF THE PROGRESSIVE PARTY.

THE party which three years ago took the title of Municipal Reformers, in order to conceal the fact that they were against reform and meant to thwart municipal government, have been deprived of the power to do much further harm to the people of London. Going into the elections with a majority of forty, they come out of them with a majority of two, which they can slightly increase by a strictly partisan use of their advantage with the aldermen. Thus, in the course of twenty-one years' experience of a County Council, London has made one decided venture in anti-municipalism, and has already repented of it. Its five Progressive Councils gave it a labor code and a method of keeping the contractor in order, saved it from the water companies and the old Thames Conservancy, organised one of the best schemes of public carriage in the world, cleansed its river, re-ordered its main drainage, added hundreds of acres to its pleasure grounds and made them the joy of millions of children and young people, modernised its schools, im-



proved and stimulated every department they controlled and initiated many new organs of public care and activity, maintained and encouraged an able and devoted Civil Service, and fired it with their own ideals of the general good. Its one Municipal Reform Council spoiled what they could spoil of this harvest of statesmanship, and depreciated the rest. It would be invidious to compare the "Reformers" of 1907 with the Metropolitan Water Board or even with the Moderates of 1889 and 1902. The latter party contributed little or nothing to the early policy of the Council. But it was not a deliberate anti-London party; it did contain a fair proportion of able men and loyal administrators. Its successor was neither competent nor loyal. Its ideas were as small as its talents, and though it commanded some respectable names, it never once rose to an honest conception of its stewardship. The only London with which it was concerned was the collection of mean streets to which the Borough Councils Act gave a false appearance of unity. Even this carved and shorn London was handled as no Town Council in England would have dared or wished to treat its citizens. If we examine the records of municipal government during the last ten years, we shall see no acts comparable to the scuttling of the Thames steamboats, the starvation of the public schools (and even of the public scholars), and the wrecking of the Works Department. The whole attitude of the "Reformers" to public life was based on a denial of municipal duty, and it is one of the tragedies of our times that not merely the wide heritage of Progressive policy, but the later advances and applications of civic science, should have fallen into hands profoundly false to its principles and grossly incapable of applying them.

Such a party is *hors concours*; no moderate or even reactionary body in charge of any modern European capital would even shake hands with it. Still less can the Progressives accept the suggestion of the humbled faction now in office, and come to any kind of truce with such an instrument of pure reaction. The deterioration of the old County Council "Moderates" was not an accident; it was a consequence of the movement which revived the school of *laissez-faire* in the domain where its activity was simply a quarrel with sixty years of progress. Even at the end of the term of Progressive rule, London could not be placed in the first flight of our own municipalities; it was a full generation behind the best German exemplars. Moreover, since the Council took over education the Progressive party was, we think, plainly over-weighted. The eternal feud between Church and Chapel was re-opened, and the Council's older and more familiar administrative responsibilities were weakened. But the mission of the Progressive party is not ended; it is only begun. It would never do to compromise its past and destroy its future by entering into an arrangement with the "Reformers" to run the Council on "non-party" lines. Such an agreement would be an obvious betrayal of the ratepayers, who, if they have not been put upon their guard by the abandonment of the Works Department, would see in this combination of parties directly opposed

in principle and in practice the loss of all safeguards against lax or even corrupt dealing with their concerns. It would also destroy the force and obscure the meaning of the Progressive movement. The moral of the Council elections is clear. Those who study the returns will see that they follow along the lines of the General Election. Industrial London is, in the main, ranged on one side, residential London on the other. Both are rather feebly represented, so far as votes are concerned, but they are definitely ranged in opposite camps. Now this force is not enough to guarantee the future of Progressivism. The earlier Progressive Councils were sustained by a more complex constituency. A dozen semi-residential neighborhoods that have now gone Moderate kept the Progressive flag flying right through the period of reaction in Imperial politics, and these must be re-captured. Progressivism was essentially a middle-class movement, and in its young days it attracted the best of Liberal statesmanship and administrative skill, and the flower of the new Radical-Socialist school of thinkers, because it had a clear vision of London rising out of its mid-century squalor and neglect into a great unified organ of civic life. Tory policy largely dissipated this vision, and successive Tory Governments wore down with continued repulses the youthful activities of the party. But the ideal can be renewed, for, though London has stopped, the world has moved on, and when the Progressive party has got its soul again, it will find a new generation of citizens, and a new bundle of wants, waiting on its ministrations.

#### THE LIBERAL PARTY AND THE WHIPS.

ALTHOUGH the events of the first week of this Session have left an unpleasant memory of anxiety and suspicion which it will take a little time to dispel, let us hope that the Liberal Party in the House of Commons has not come through those few days of despondency without having learned at least one useful lesson.

All politicians have grown accustomed to the frequent employment of military expressions in reference to political life. We talk of "campaigns," "generalship," "tactics," "strategical positions"; we designate the members of the party as "lieutenants" and the "rank and file," and our arguments as "powder and shot," till at last from the constant use of these metaphors the impression gains ground that the composition of a party is identical with that of an army. The general assisted by his headquarters staff spies out the enemy's position and issues orders for the disposition of the troops and the time and place for action, insisting on perfect discipline and expecting implicit obedience. It would not be too much to say that the analogy is not only false, but that the closer a political party approaches the model of an army the more certainly will it be liable to disruption and defeat.

The party is under no special obligation to render implicit obedience to any Government. The only link that can unite the two is unswerving loyalty to certain principles and to a common cause. The Cabinet is not a headquarters staff specially constituted to impose any policy it may evolve within the four walls of its council chamber upon its followers in the House of Commons and through them upon the country. Just in so far as it attempts to do anything of this kind, it is misusing its proper function and inverting the procedure which should give birth to political action. No candidate who attempts to impress his individual views on a constituency can be sure of success, because the constituency

in refusing to adopt his views will refuse to accept him as their representative. In the same way no Cabinet can force its party in the House of Commons to adopt whatever policy it chooses, because the very existence of the Government depends, not only on the votes and support, but the cordial acquiescence, of the main body of members. A Cabinet can, of course, initiate and propose, being generally conversant with the broad principles on which the cause of Liberalism is founded, and being able to count on party loyalty while moving on the accepted lines. But, until it has received the party's sanction to its proposals, it cannot with safety attempt to press forward any new projects. After a General Election its particular duty is to formulate and give articulate expression to the wishes of the electors, the precise nature of which can only be learned from the representatives themselves who come fresh from the polls. Such a moment anyhow is not the one to choose to slip into the Government programme novel schemes that have never been submitted to the electorate.

Now, in order that a Cabinet may have no misconceptions and may take no false step, and in order that Ministers, having given a forecast of a certain line of action, may clearly understand in what sense the party as a whole have interpreted the projected action—and it is in these two directions that dilemmas have recently arisen—it is imperative that the electors, the members, the Government, the Cabinet, and the leaders, should be in the closest touch with one another, and that there should be a continued interchange and circulation of ideas and opinions. Nor is anything gained by avoiding conference and consultation with any other party that is prepared to co-operate with the Government. By this means, and by this means alone, can unity, harmony, and effectual action be secured. No one asks a Cabinet to make indiscreet disclosures before its policy is matured, though a moment comes when the party has a right to expect that a firm decision has been arrived at; nor is it asked to disclose any differences that may exist among its members, out of which political capital could be made by the enemy. But disregard for, or indifference to, the opinions of any section of its followers, the existence of aloofness or the setting up of barriers between "lieutenants" and "the rank and file," are elements that are bound to produce an uncomfortable feeling of suspicion and possibly eventual discord.

For the purpose of promoting this desirable and essential interchange and circulation of opinions an instrument exists in the shape of the party Whips. Nothing is more interesting for a private member than hearing what a Whip has to say, but there is something far more important, and that is that the Whip should hear what private members have to say. It may not be interesting, it may not always be pleasing, sometimes, even, it may be unreasonable and annoying, and the more annoying it is, the more necessary is it that he should hear it, digest it, and pass it on. His duty is not only to goad the obstinate and cajole the recalcitrant members, but to collect impressions, gather together the threads of divergent opinions, and be the sympathetic and receptive confidant of as many men as possible. For, however obscure and unimportant some of them may seem to be, they are each one in fact, as elected representatives and as numbers on a division list, on precisely the same level as the Prime Minister himself. Were a completely successful mutual intercourse possible, the existence of factions, sets, camps, and caves would be far rarer. As matters stand, when members are anxious that their particular attitude on an important question should be properly represented to the powers that be, they adopt the only means they have at hand to effect their object, namely, to call meetings, pass resolutions, or send deputations. In acting thus they lay themselves open to unfair accusations of disloyalty, of constituting themselves as leaders, of embarrassing the Government, and of breaking up the party, although they are really intent on rendering a service to their leader.

The tendency to ignore the views of any group of members arose in the last Parliament on account of the huge Ministerial majority. Extremists and wild men could be overlooked; the opinions, in fact, of nearly a

third of the party could be disregarded without risk. As it is now, a score of members have it in their power to make the position extremely critical, and this makes free intercommunication between all ranks of vital consequence.

We have a new Chief Whip and several new Junior Whips, all men of ability and deservedly popular. We may be sure that the shocks of the first days of the Session will have shown them the necessity of establishing this mutual confidence, and they will recognise that a Whip's work in this Parliament is very different from what it was in the last. There are rocks ahead, and the course to be steered is by no means easy. So far as strategy is concerned, members are sensible enough to know that the Cabinet must be the best judge of methods and opportunities, and they have not the smallest desire to interfere. But in matters of principle and policy, not only have they a right to be heard, but from now onward it is eminently desirable, from the point of view of security and solidarity, that they should be encouraged to express their feelings and that their opinions should not be stifled, lest smouldering discontent should bring disaster.

A RADICAL MEMBER.

## Life and Letters.

### VIRGIN SOIL.

A LONG generation has passed since Tourgenieff with his light and pointed harrow skimmed the surface of the "virgin soil" of Russian revolutionary idealism. His novel, by reason of its subtle psychology, its grace, and its pathos, will remain to all time the classical picture of a movement which has failed to make its due impression on the imagination of the modern world only because, by its reckless courage and its almost fantastic devotion, it seemed to pass the limits of the probable. It ranged itself in those days among the weird portents of an alien world of darkness and tyranny and ice. Civilised Europe looked on in the 'seventies and 'eighties, and reckoned these exotic phenomena, with the northern lights and the Siberian winter, a thing outside its hemisphere. It classed the Russian revolutionaries with the strange sects of mystics and heretics who spring from the same virgin soil, with the Doukhobors, who profess the Sermon on the Mount, and the Sceptsi, who mutilate themselves. Tourgenieff took the line of least resistance. He treated the movement "to the people" as a local and half-pathological manifestation. He played to the romantic instincts of his public by concentrating all its heroism and devotion in a young girl, who seems, as we read of her, to be rather Madonna or saint than Russian or revolutionary, while the type of the conscious theorising Socialist is a visionary young man in whom egoism and imagination have combined to paralyse the power of action. On these lines the superb legend became probable. It was very strange, but strange only as all pathology is strange. The world would have understood if these young men had dressed themselves in red shirts and taken rifles in their hands. It was puzzled because they only renounced fortunes and careers, turned their backs on society and the university, flung their property into the common fund, and went among the peasants in the dress and guise of peasants, to teach and organise them. Nothing stranger had happened since the days of the begging friars and the missionaries of Galilee. There was this difference. The begging friars did not regard their pilgrimages as a road to Siberia or the gallows. The people revered them as they filled their bowls, and the official world was proud to win their blessing. The teachers from Galilee did, indeed, leave behind them homes and parents and wives; but they were not called upon to sacrifice learning and fashion, academic honors, or an official career.

It is the rude plough of a Russian State trial which has uncovered the buried strata of this virgin soil this week. The soil is virgin no longer. It has borne its



crop of devotion and anger, of self-sacrifice and terrorism, of blood and hope and tears, exile, imprisonment, and torture, mutinies uncounted, abortive revolutions, plots and counterplots, a maimed Constitution and a powerless Parliament. Almost the last of the men and women who were ardent and young in the 'seventies stood white-haired, but still resolute and defiant, to face together the verdict of a secret tribunal. Felix Volkovsky and Peter Kropotkin are honored exiles in London; Veraigner, broken and aged after half-a-lifetime of solitary confinement, moves about, a wounded veteran, among younger exiles in Paris, who are giving, as she did, beauty and eloquence and zeal to a cause which never will be lost while it can command such service. But who else is left of that epic time? Nicholas Tchaykowsky and Madame Breschowsky stood in the dock, the last active combatants of the old guard. The mention of Tchaykowsky, honored to-day in America and England, carries one back to the first apostolic grouping which led this movement—the famous "circle" which bore his name. It is easy to understand his ascendancy over his contemporaries. Tall, handsome, commanding—what Russian novelists call a "representative personality"—quick in thought and with a certain volcanic energy of emotion, he had yet learned, in a hard school, reserve and the economy of words. A realist by temperament, his natural bent was towards applied experimental science, intensive agriculture for choice. He combined a certain caution and scepticism over the choice of means, with an unflinching courage and a perseverance which no check could weary. Their novelists have taught us to think of the Slavs as a race easily moved to self-sacrifice, but as easily discouraged. Through the long years of exile, Tchaykowsky never flinched or wasted thought or emotion on the picturesque self-pity in which the weaker refugee is tempted to indulge. If he could do nothing to organise the movement in Russia, he bent his powers to win it friends in England or the States. He had his gallery of memories like every veteran who survives—that comrade of his youth who fell while he escaped, that bright young man who, fired, perhaps, by his own example, met early a fate which the leader challenged but escaped, the sinister face of some spy whom he had trusted, the despairing looks of the mother or the widow who had lost husband or son in the unceasing conflict. There came to him a certain grimness from living in that portrait gallery. The clear blue eyes had hardened from gazing on it, and the end in which so few of the fighting line could share shaped itself in his thoughts as an abstract formula, an inevitable consummation. He cherished his faith at the cold fire of a philosophy of history, and a nice prediction of the march of economic evolution was for him the sign by which he conquered. If faith had failed there was anger to sustain him—the rage of a good man who had seen for forty years the sacrifice of all that was ardent and generous in Russia, the torture of genius and beauty, the slow decay in noisome prisons of strength and courage, that Grand Dukes might peculate, that fanatics might persecute, and officials enjoy their easy round of promotion with sycophancy, of power with self-abasement.

It was a singularly innocent movement when it began, that persecuted Tchaykowsky circle. A few young men and women, students at the University, some of them noble, some of them rich, all of them ardent, devoted, and capable, set themselves to break down the barrier of class which the emancipation of the serfs had left still standing. They founded night schools. They taught the artisans to read and write, and in the common life of what we should call a University settlement, they began to work out a democratic theory. They had the police at their right hand and the literary censor at their left. It was part of their activity to translate into Russian modern progressive books, Darwin and Spencer among the number, and these they lent to their adherents. Early in their history they were compelled to enlist the services of the smuggler of forbidden books and of the secret Press. It was for offences such as these that the young Tchaykowsky served his first terms of imprisonment. The circle was not as yet definitely

Socialistic. It had no fixed views of political tactics. Its aims were educative, and if it dreamed at all of revolution, it certainly took no steps to promote it. Prince Kropotkin has left his impressions of this little society as he entered it, when already some of its members had been driven to live "underground" under assumed names and in disguises which for long baffled the police. There grew up among them the passionate comradeship that comes of a common danger, the elevation of thought and the brave idealism of men and women who strengthen each other in the sacrifice of life and ambition and fortune to a disinterested end. They were a knightly order, among whom no trivial or unworthy word was ever spoken. Those who lightly renounced all else, held it the highest honor which life could bring to be received within this circle, and to be trusted by its adepts.

It was the reaction itself which caused the Tchaykowsky circle to evolve towards revolution. The first acts of violence were done to release comrades from an unmerited imprisonment; the first conspiracy was neither an act of revenge nor an attempt to intimidate, but simply a gallant feat which opened a prison door. It was the plain demonstration that the autocracy under Alexander II., who had long since ceased to be the idealist and the liberator, would tolerate no educative work, however harmless, which drove these young men and women into the struggle for elementary freedom. The movement "to the people" sprang partly from a spontaneous impulse which made these missionaries anxious to reach the peasants in their villages, partly from the impossibility of working any longer in open associations in the cities. They went out by ones and twos, men and women alike. Some, like Stepniak, who disguised himself as a carpenter and worked in a travelling "artel" (the traditional Russian guild company, formed on communist principles), were bent mainly on political propaganda. Others, and especially the women, aimed at raising the moral and material level of peasant life. They qualified as elementary teachers, as midwives, or as the empirical half-trained doctors which the Russian law used to recognise. They met with varying fortunes. Some were surrendered to the police by the peasants themselves, others successfully imposed themselves as teachers and leaders, but the spies were on their track and the prisons filled with hundreds at a time. Terrorism had its origin at first as a protest against the betrayal by an occasional traitor, and then as a reply to the repression which had begun to fall indiscriminately on every young man and woman who dared to cherish an ideal of social service. They were tried by the score and the hundred, at first before a jury until juries showed themselves disposed to acquit, and in public until Felix Volkovsky gave, in the dock, an exhibition of eloquence, half-ironical, half-prophetic, which made his condemnation a moral triumph. The autocracy runs no such risks to-day. The secret tribunal and administrative exile weeded out whatever was generous and courageous in the youth of Russia. Geneva and Paris received those whom Siberia had failed to swallow. A new generation came to manhood before the revolution stirred again.

It was amid the memories of this epic that Nicholas Tchaykowsky faced in secret the selected judges and the witnesses reprieved from the penalties of murder and brigandage that they might perjure themselves in the name of order and the law. He is "the happy warrior" who faced, white-haired, the enemy whom he defied and the perils which he survived in youth. He has come through the peril unscathed. It is the brave old lady at his side who will go to Siberia, not for any deeds or plots, but for professing a creed which our Fabians preach safely from the desks of Government offices. They have made their legend and written their page of history. Russia has not been freed. But the example which they and their comrades set survived the repression of their efforts. It was the memory of what they had faced and endured which steeled the Russian "intellectuals" of our time to face the field courts-martial and to find a bed of honor on the reeking planks of a convict prison. They have dignified life by their readiness to lay it down.



## A SAINT AMONG BISHOPS.

ENGLAND has never been, what Ireland once was long ago, a land of saints. Our Church had, no doubt, in olden times its proper quota of registered saints, and a few of them were doubtless men of holy character. But temporal powers, great possessions, and high organisation have always been qualities inimical to saintliness. For whatever be the meaning given to saintliness (and it is surely one of those words of which we only know the meaning when we are not asked), it seems to require a simplicity of character and calling, a gentleness of heart, an indiscriminateness of charity, that are not easily compatible with an ecclesiastical institution. For whatever virtues of wisdom, of goodness, even of holiness, may emanate from the corporate life of a Church, there is an individuality in saintliness which for its very gentleness is apt to be overborne or quenched by the larger, more impersonal power. The very doctrine of subordination is, perhaps, fatal to this noblest flowering of personality, for the humility which bows most completely before ecclesiastical authority is the excessive denial of a "self" whose sweet assertion is most needed for the saintly life.

Absolute submission may be the condition most favorable to that more impersonal "holiness" which the Church has ever recognised as the goal of the religious life, but "holiness" and "saintliness" are not the same thing. For though the saint may not stand alone, for his inner virtue or his exterior status, though he requires the fellowship of a Church, he is never Church-made, but draws his virtue from a primal purity of soul. Indeed, the conditions of his adhesion to, and still more his direct and full participation in, the collective or common Christian life, have always been a perplexing problem for the saint. From the anchorite isolation to the complete temporal and spiritual communion of the most highly centralised monastic order, the soul that sought to keep itself unspotted from the world would ever fluctuate, seeking peace.

In these later days, when people speak of saints or prophets, our thoughts do not straightway turn to our Churches. Nor, indeed, do we think of England's greatness as in any way associated with this type of human achievement. To India, Persia, and in general the non-practical East, we look for such high cultivation of the soul, and for the popular spiritual acceptance and response which sainthood requires. And yet we are mistaken in thus disparaging our time and country. In this age of materialism and intellectualism, both qualities deemed adverse to simplicity and purity of feeling, there are around us shining in quiet corners of our busy world examples of true saintliness whose lustre is even enhanced by their drab surroundings, men and women who carry help and healing in their very countenance and bearing, and whose converse is a glow of true divinity. Such power and purity of soul triumph over every "environment," nay, indeed, transmute it into an instrument of noblest service by the very alchemy of their presence. Indeed, to those who tell us that the Church is a moribund institution whose corruption and decay poison the founts of spiritual personality instead of feeding them, it is always possible to reply by pointing to a Keble, a Manning, or, in the more detailed labors of human service, a Sister Dora and a Father Dolling, whose star-like souls do not dwell apart, but are ever in contact with the larger constellation of celestial powers.

As Epictetus found it possible, even in slavery, to practise virtue, so we may find a man of saintliness upon the episcopal bench. We speak in no tone of sarcasm, but of sober truth. For all who know the structure and the external operations of the Established Church are well aware that the processes of official advancement and elevation are not such as will lead us to expect to find upon the episcopal bench many men resembling in spiritual quality the Bishop whose passing away good men and women are this week lamenting. There is nothing in the extensive record of his labor to distinguish him from many others who have gained preferment in the Church. A Canon of Christ Church, a President of a Theological College recognised as the nursery of ritualism, a Professor of Pastoral Theology at Oxford,

Bishop of Lincoln for a quarter of a century, this record of functions tell us very little of the man whose nature and influence are described by one who knew him as "one whose very name carries light and lustre with it; who brings honor and beauty to the office which he bears; one whose name is an inspiration, whose presence is a benediction, whose face is a message of joy and consolation wherever he passes. . . . It is impossible for us not to believe that, however dark the outlook and the position, God is yet working out some great good for the Church when the instrument that is used is Bishop King of Lincoln."

We cannot ourselves affect any sympathy with many of the Bishop's cherished opinions, ecclesiastical or lay; in religion, as in politics, he looked backward rather than forward for his authority, and it was a pathetic vision a few weeks ago to watch this feeble, good old man, like some stray sheep among the goats, tottering into the House of Lords to record his vote against the Budget. But all mere opinions, however firm, fall away, fade into triviality, before the quality of soul that speaks from such a message of farewell as this dying prelate—save the mark!—issued but a few days since to his "dear people" from his sick bed. "All I have to do is to ask you to forgive the many faults and innumerable shortcomings during the twenty-five years I have been with you, and to ask you to pray God to perfect my repentance and strengthen my faith to the end. All has been done in perfect love and wisdom." And he adds these supremely significant words: "My great wish has been to lead you to be Christ-like Christians." The phrase, we are aware, is "common form" in many of our Churches. But in this last word we can attribute to it no common meaning. For it must always present the gravest perplexity and the deepest trouble to the saintly nature to contemplate the sort of Christianity that passes muster, not merely among "professing Christians" in this country, but among genuinely devout persons, such as are most of the fellow-occupants of the Bishop of Lincoln upon the episcopal bench. For there has always prevailed in this country a fairly definite British Christianity which is not even in direct profession Christ-like, but which is the real religion of almost all the genuinely religious people of this country, including the Bishops. We say it is not Christ-like, because it excludes, or, even worse, it explains away, some of those principles of the conduct of life which, to the founder of Christianity, were fundamental. Tolstoy preaches these principles, but he is a heretic, and neither our Church nor his own will receive him. To us he is simply a "literary man," we have no room for him as what the Roman Church calls a "practising" Christian. To love our enemies, to resist not evil, and to despise riches, are three behests which never, even "in theory," has our Church attempted seriously to inculcate as principles of conduct. We live in an age when the Church is a mighty organisation, taking the world—and the flesh—into close partnership for the execution of the many works to which it sets itself. It has through the ages been able to persuade itself that it could sanctify the use of great material power, and that it would not itself succumb to that use. Of all the wiles of the Evil One seeking to bring to naught the powers of organised religion, this is probably the most fatal. It is, indeed, the supreme instance of "the deceitfulness of riches." It might almost be contended that the distinctive mark of the saint was that he saw through and resisted this temptation. There are amongst us multitudes of religious people who read lives of saints, who believe that they get good and guidance from these examples. But what sort of sympathy do they feel for the practical saintliness of St. Francis? "And this is what I call a great treasure, that there is nothing here provided by human industry, but everything is provided by Divine Providence, as we may see manifestly in this bread which we have begged, in this stone which serves so beautifully for our table, and in this so clear fountain; and therefore I desire we should pray to God that He would cause holy poverty, which is a thing so noble that God himself was made subject to it, to be loved by us with our whole heart." A hard saying, is it not, for British Christians?

## THE ART OF VANISHING.

THE question is, which may be the cleanliest manner of escaping, not from existence (for that is a matter of a bare bodkin and a pail of water), but from identity, which is a complicated concern. It is evident that the desire for escape is almost universal among mankind. Consider the delight in masks and dressing-up, the fetish dances, the fancy-dress balls—all equally pleasurable to savages and Society. Consider the joy of all men and women in giving themselves another face to the one God gave them—the joy in painting and false hair, in shaving, in tableaux, charades, and theatricals. Solemn moralists may call us self-centred, self-satisfied, self-conceited, but they do not go to Covent Garden; they have never seen a puny shred of human flesh so little self-satisfied that it posed as Achilles, or disguised the lamentable reality under the similitude of Neptune with his trident. A dog does not ape the lion unless man clips him; a cat never questions her own sufficiency; a rat dips his tail in oils only to lick it. Man alone of animals is plagued with humility; he alone distrusts his value, and longs to escape the trammels of himself.

The greatest and wisest furnish us with examples. From the prime of the world, princes have been transformed into toads and beasts so readily that their people hardly noticed the difference. We read that Augustus, once a year escaping from divinity and the kingship of the world, played the mendicant in rags upon the curbstones of the city. This week Paris has affected to ignore a Duke of Lancaster's more familiar designation. Last summer a member of Parliament announced his intention of visiting Switzerland incognito—a ruse that surpassed the demands of absolute necessity. Why could not the excellent Dr. Jekyll be satisfied with one personality? Why did the Lord of Burleigh ever suppose that anyone but the Royal Academy and a village maiden would take him for a landscape painter? These are cases in which so praiseworthy a virtue as humility has tended almost to abasement in its dissatisfaction with self. Similarly among writers, Swift wrote best as a draper or sea captain, Carlyle as a German philosopher, George Sand as a man.

"*Patriæ quis exsul*," asked the Roman—"What tourist has escaped himself?" But when we meet tourists abroad, we cannot doubt that their object is to escape, and that they have succeeded in escaping the constrained personality of their suburbs, though the thing they reveal in clothes and behavior may only be a truer self. Every bank-holiday reveller rejoices in displaying a nature finer than his habitual—more generous, reckless, and gay. In every life there come moments when, as the old comic opera song said, it is time for disappearing. The song advised you on such occasions to take a header and go down until it seemed a suitable opportunity to emerge serenely. Our instances, so far, have shown that this brief obliteration may be accomplished with success. But what shall we say for those who plunge without desire to emerge—the princes who would choose to swelter venom in cold stones for ever, the kings and members of Parliament who would die incognito, the lords who would become real artists, the tourist exiles who would never return by Tube?

There have been many such, and in various ways they have striven to confound their identity. Few, indeed, have proved so successful as the Man in the Iron Mask, who attained to the distinction of being no one. But Charles V. submerged his glory in a monastery, and daily rehearsed his own obsequies till death rang the curtain up for the complete performance. To eat grass as the ox, to grow feathers as the bird, and be wet with the dew of Heaven might seem an unnatural ferity, had not the King of Babylon commended it by his example, and many thousands of holy men adopted that mode of life among Egyptian deserts and the pinnacles of meteoric cliffs. What shore is not strewn with the derelicts of Europe? What Pacific isle is not haunted with beachcombing shadows of a past? How many have risen on stepping-stones of their dead selves to different things! It is oblivion that must first be sought, and some have found it, like Waring, in an Adriatic boat; some, like Valjean, in a plunge from

the galleys; some, like Monte Christo, in a shotted sack; some, like John Harmon, in a Thames mortuary; some, like the Silver King, in a railway accident, backed by the "Daily Telegraph"; some in the House of Lords.

Short of suicide, all these escapes from self are open. There is another, which we cannot recommend, though this train of thought was started by the excellent account given of it in Herr Erwin Rosen's volume, just issued by Messrs. Duckworth. We mean "The Foreign Legion," forming part of the French army, and having its headquarters in Algeria, though always ready for service at a moment's notice in any part of the world. The existence of such a regiment is one of the most interesting problems of humanity, and if only our University Professors of Psychology would join it for five years, we are convinced they would be able to throw much new light upon the human mind. In some instances, men are driven to it by general misbehavior or trouble about a woman, and that, we gather, was Herr Rosen's case. To him the Legion was the readiest alternative to romantic suicide; he wisely took it, and, having successfully deserted, is now happy ever after, as we are glad to be informed. For some it is the alternative to gaol, and to them it has the advantages of a prison enlivened by sun and air and an occasional debauch. The great majority are recruited by hunger; to many Frenchmen, as well as to thousands of Alsations, Germans, and Italians, the Foreign Legion takes the place of the English workhouse, and, savage as the life is, any man worthy of manhood would prefer it. But our interest for the moment is not with the hungry; it is with the recruits who join simply to escape from themselves—to cut their line of life in half, to start fresh in their short race to the grave, and, if only it is possible, to become a new being when their bodies are already one-third the age of man. Herr Rosen's obviously truthful account of the Legion and its life proves how desperate a plunge they take into the waters of forgetfulness.

The Legionary's existence is almost uninterrupted toil on a halfpenny a day, plus uniform, barrack sheds, and a minimum of food. Cleaning, drill, firing, road-making, and marching—that is his life. Above all, marching. On the route marches, simply for training and discipline, the Legion covers a minimum of 25 miles a day, carrying kit and rifle that come to 100 lbs. weight together, and that along sandy tracks under the African sun. The sick are arrested; stragglers are dragged over the ground behind carts; a legionary who slinks into the desert is sure to be butchered by Arab women with horrible mutilations. In barracks the one joy comes on the fifth day, when the wages of twopence-halfpenny secures a pint of wine and three ha'porth of tobacco. For the smallest offence, especially for losing a fragment of uniform, the punishments are intolerably severe, though the silo, or exposed pit, and the crapaudine, under which a man became a semi-circular bundle with legs and arms lashed together over his back, have lately been abolished. So life goes on from day to day, the original contract lasting five years; but at the end of that time the contract may be renewed for another five, the pay being a little increased with length of service, until fifteen years have passed. The legionary may then retire on a pension of £20 a year, if Providence has granted him so long a life, which is, indeed, seldom. In nearly all cases, the last oblivion has overwhelmed his body in unrecorded sand before half the term has run.

Perpetually harassed and overstrained, exposed to unanswerable insults, tormented by heat and thirst, brutalised by inevitable vices, the legionaries fall into a hysterical excitement or a brooding madness, both of which they call "cafard." They hack off their fingers to avoid service, they drink absinthe in milk to induce fever, they feign insanity for months together, all at the risk of being sent as "Zephyrs" to the deadly treatment of the penal battalion. The staple of their conversation is the best way to desert, though desertion seldom succeeds, and failure means a hideous death in the desert or heavy penalties on recapture. Yet the Legion is always full; it now averages over 10,000 men;



the author estimates that more than 100,000 have entered its ranks since its establishment eighty years ago. And, what is more remarkable, the legionaries take an intense pride in the Legion's reputation for cleanliness, marching, music, and behavior on the field. When the order for active service comes, the whole Legion is full of joy. Eleven times it has refused to obey the order for retreat in battle.

The Professors of Psychology who will join it can explain to us the reasons of many contradictions equally strange. We refer to the Legion now only as an example of the means to which men turn for escaping from themselves. The women who in old days recruited in our army, or served our battleships and travelled with Captain Cook, devised a wash-out of the past still more complete. Deep down in the soul lurks this desire for the destruction of half itself, a demi-suicide, an obliterating initiation, a renewed infancy, a rebirth in maturity, a cancelling of debts, a moral "nova tabula," a clean slate, if not a clean heart. For this object the Greeks celebrated their mysteries, scoured the neophant with bran, and bade him rise from the holy bath exclaiming, "Evil have I fled, to the better have I sped." When we describe anyone as a new man, we always mean that he has altered for the better and not for the worse. In everybody's breast the hope is laid up that at any moment by a change of circumstances he may become a new man, having cut himself loose from the haunting associations that keep calling him back to the past and dog his footsteps with hateful reminders, like the barking Furies or the sleuth-hounds of the Charity Organisation Society. To leave all hampering impediments behind, to set out lightly burdened as a baby upon the remaining pilgrimage of grace, to start fresh, to flee away into the wilderness and be at rest, that is the hope even of the Foreign Legion's recruit—an elevating and consolatory hope, no matter how frequently the theoretic philanthropist may tell us it is disappointed.

#### ON PROVERBS.

To the Icelanders who boasted that Iceland was the finest land the sun shone upon, Thangbrand, the drunken priest in Longfellow's "Saga of King Olaf," tauntingly replied that "three women and a goose made a market in their town." This proverb is found all over Europe, from Iceland to Sicily. "Tre donne e un papero fanno un mercato," it runs in Italian. The question suggests itself, about it as about all proverbs, "Did it travel from South to North, from East to West, or was it the spontaneous popular expression of a fact observed everywhere?" There seems no doubt that the latter is the case. In the proverbs of all lands, the thought is the same, as the experiences of humanity are the same always, but the expression varies according to local conditions and circumstances. "To carry owls to Athens," "to carry fir-trees to Norway," "to carry coals to Newcastle," "to sell shells to those who come from St. Michel," are local variations of a universal idea. "To carry water to the sea" is French, German, Dutch, Portuguese. "He no more wants it than the sea wants water" is the usual English version of this proverb, and one remembers in very early days (when it was a question of another tart or apple) resenting the application of this particular piece of proverbial wisdom. "To throw a sprat to catch a mackerel," again, we have all been familiar with from our cradles. In versions of this proverb current all over Europe, it is only the kinds of fish that vary. The Dutch say "to throw a smelt to catch a cod," the French "one must lose a minnow to catch a salmon." "Donner un œuf pour avoir un bœuf" is another variation of the same theme. This idea of the proper course to be taken by enlightened self-interest is very widespread. "There is a withholding that tendeth to poverty," the great Master of proverbial wisdom declared, and a French proverb ad-

vises us "to give a piece of cake to him who has a pie in the oven." Retaining rather than getting is the idea in the Italian "to him who gives you a pig you may well give a rasher," or the Spanish "to him who gives you a capon you may spare a wing and a leg." To give one or two more examples of these foreign equivalents of our most familiar phrases: the Italian variation of "to kill two birds with one stone" is "to catch two pigeons with one bean," the Dutch is "to bring down two apples with one stick." "To make an elephant out of a fly" is Russian, Italian, and Dutch. This is much more picturesque than our "to make a mountain out of a mole-hill." No doubt in all three countries, widely separated as they are, the same image presented itself to the popular fancy playing with the same thought. Better still is the Portuguese rendering of the idea "to make a knight in armor out of a flea." These variations, sometimes very slight, show the independent origin of the proverbs. We say, "When the cat's away the mice will play." The French say "Absent le chat les souris dansent," and they dance in like circumstances in every other European country. People of most other nations buy a cat in a poke—"acheter chat en poche"—instead of a pig as we do.

Nothing in the world gives the present writer greater pleasure than to come upon some quite new proverb in a foreign book, or some different version of an old, well-known one, or to find the universal character of proverbs illustrated by hearing suddenly from English lips a proverb he had always supposed to be French or Italian. "God sends t' meat, and t' devil cooks it," said the good woman of a small farm-house in a remote district of the North Riding of Yorkshire, who had been complimented on her cooking. "Dio ci manda la carne, ma il diavolo i cuochi," is Italian, but the writer has never come across it in any other language, and has only heard it that once in English. Again, he remembers hearing "to skin a flint and spoil a shilling knife in doing it." This is a variation of the French "gâter une chandelle pour trouver une épingle." "The young cock crows as it hears the old one," used to be common when he was a boy, but he has never heard it since. Richard Whiting, the last Abbot of Glastonbury, speaks, by the way, of "our most ancient English proverb, 'the young cock croweth as the old doth learn and teach.'" There are many equivalents of this used all over Europe. He remembers on one single occasion hearing "To give a Roland for an Oliver." The French of this is "rendre pois pour fève"—"to give a pea for a bean"—and the Italian "dare pan per focaccia"—"to give bread for gingerbread." "An ounce of mother-wit is worth a pound of clergy," used to be common enough a generation ago, and the word "clergy" used in the sense of "learning" shows how old the saying is. There is something like it in almost every European tongue. "Dio ci manda il freddo secondo i panni," "God sends the cold according to the clothes," is the Tuscan for "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." The same sense is given by perhaps the most beautiful of all proverbs, found in old French and Italian, "God builds the nest for the blind bird." Some proverbs, otherwise universal, seem not to exist in English. For instance, the writer has never heard or read anything in English like "Au pays des aveugles le borgne est roi." "To be king among beggars" is, or was, a very common English phrase.

Proverbs give many delightful glimpses into the life of vanished days. The manners and the dresses of the Middle Ages could be reconstructed from them. Thus the German "What we must suffer for the sake of God's Church," as the Abbot said when he burnt his fingers with the roast chicken, carries us back to a time before forks. "To laugh in one's sleeve," is as good as a picture of the dress of Plantagenet days. "Mettre la charrue devant les bœufs,"—a variant of our "to put the cart before the horse,"—calls up at once the old-world Virgilian way of ploughing. We hardly realise, perhaps, how concrete, how full of images, our traditional popular language is. A trouble, for instance, is a "burden," and in Christian countries a "burden"



is interchangeable with a "Cross"—the great Burden. A proverb, above all, is the translation of a thought or an idea into an image. Every true proverb is a quaint and delightful little picture in half-a-dozen words.

An artist with a whimsical fancy who would set about illustrating a book of proverbs would find no end of beautiful and fantastic things. "*Femme qui beaucoup se mire peu file*," for instance, calls up a girl of seventeen with a great mass of red gold hair in a cobwebbed garret—Margaret sitting glorious there—forgetful of her stepmother's scowling brow and lifted stick, dreaming by silent wheel and idle distaff and neglected flax, before a great round mirror in a copper frame, which shows the reflection of a lovely face. There are great possibilities in "*a cat may look at a king*." The writer prefers the French, "*un chien regarde bien un évêque*." One sees the little spaniel in his basket looking with affectionate confidence at an old bent bishop in a purple cassock, in his great carved chair, in the low oak-panelled, tapestried room, lit by wax tapers in silver sconces, with the firelight flickering on pectoral cross and amethyst ring. Some truly delightful proverbs suggest not only pictures, but fairy tales like Andersen's, or grotesque *contes* like Hoffmann's. Such are "*chi ha capo di cera von vada al sole*"—"he who has a wax head should not go in the sun," or better still, "*chi ha coda di paglia ha sempre paura che lo pigli fuoco*"—"he who has a straw tail is always afraid of its catching fire." The French say, "if your head is of wax, don't become a baker." What would not one give to read "*The Man with the Wax Head*," or "*The Man with the Straw Tail*"?

The delightful suggestions of proverbs are, indeed, endless. One meets in them all the old-world figures, the priest, the innkeeper, the miller, the blacksmith—one hears the cheery bustle of market day, the sound of flute and fiddle at village fêtes in old-time France. There is the stay-at-home wonderment at far-off places and things, the road leading to Rome with its Pope and Cardinals, the southward flight of stork and swallow, and their return in the spring, the stories of "warm countries," told as in Andersen's tales by nurses to children in the far North. One sits by the fireside in a house of a little Danish town among the blue-eyed, flaxen-haired children, or in some country inn in seventeenth century Holland, when the shuddering tales of the Spanish cruelties had half become matter for a jest.

Will there ever be any more proverbs made? We seem to have lost the power of thinking in images, in this delightfully concrete way. One cannot but feel that the atmosphere of a democracy is unfavorable to proverb-making. The old-time people accepted life as they found it—their business was to live, not to make laws or to reform the world, and so their interest was not in politics, but in life itself. The King and the Court, the laws and the war, were as unalterable as summer and winter. The people did not meddle with them, and so had the more leisure for stories and ballad-making and the spectacle of the world. The proverbs, for all their frequent bitterness, are full of the *joie de vivre*.

The writer has once, at least, found himself in such an atmosphere as that in which these old sayings were made. He was detained with a sick friend in a village in Lower Brittany, and wandering out aimlessly one morning, found an unusual stir and animation in the street. It was caused by a blind man playing a flute, accompanied by a dog holding in his mouth a tin can in which to gather sous. Like the Pied Piper, the blind man had attracted all the children in the village (school, if compulsory, did not appear to be very stringent), and not the children only. Everybody in the place had leisure to wonder at the blind man, and especially at the dog, and everybody was able to find a sou for his can. Out they came from the dark little shops—Yves Bannalec and Yves Le Borgne. There were faces at every window and at every door, the crippled tailor, the hunchbacked old woman, figures often grotesque enough, but full of interest, vivacity, good humor. It was in such a world of contented leisure and cheery acceptance that the old proverbs were made.

## The Drama.

### A SECTION AND A SLICE.

For two reasons, I wish it were not incumbent on me to write quite sincerely about "*The Madras House*." The first is that when a play has given you such keen and abundant pleasure as this play gave me, it seems ill-conditioned to make any reservations; the second is that, artistic human nature being what it is, I feel sure that my reservations will do Mr. Barker no good, but may, if they have any effect at all, tend to harden him in his—what shall I say?—in his foibles, or his excesses. It is by carefully disregarding my counsels of prudence and commonplaceness that Mr. Barker has become the brilliant and original playwright he is. But it remains true that "*The Marrying of Anne Leete*" is not a successful play, even by the most rarefied standard of success; and it may one day be accepted as equally true that "*The Madras House*" would be a better play if it did not taper off into nothingness—if the talk did not outrun the interest by about five minutes in Act III., and by about twenty minutes in Act IV.

So much premised, let me hasten to say that, in the main, this new technique, which Mr. Barker has invented, seems to me a most valuable addition to our dramatic resources. What is its character, its definition? Manifestly the old formula of the "slice of life" will not do. The slice of life implies, in its very terms, something chopped off from life, an incident or an action that can be cut away from the mass and form a whole in itself. Mr. Galsworthy's "*Justice*" may be called a slice of life, though it is very different from the mere crudities that used to go by that name in the distant 'nineties. It is an individual whole, an incident studied from its beginning to its end, and with all irrelevances eliminated, except—if the bull may be pardoned—those which are indispensably relevant. But "*The Madras House*" is not an incident at all. It shows us several incidents in process, but not one of them can be said either to begin or to end. It is not a definite whole detached from life, like a microscopic preparation, but rather the application of a powerful magnifying glass to certain portions of the living social organism. Shall we say that it is not a slice, but a section, like that which we see when a railway cutting lays bare three or four different strata of rock, mutually exclusive one of the other, and yet interdependent inasmuch as circumstances have jammed them together in close local contiguity? Not that "*The Madras House*" lacks unity. It has not, like "*Justice*," the unity of a close-linked chain, but rather that of a stone cut in many facets. In other words, it has unity of theme; and its theme is the position and destiny of women in this queerly-ordered world.

What a gallery of women it presents! First, the terrible and terribly true group of the Denmark Hill mother with her five unmarried daughters, all drifting into middle-age with the seal of suburban spinsterhood on their narrow foreheads. This Huxtable interior is a marvel of observation and life-like movement; an admirable contrast, moreover, to the æsthetic-intellectual, one-child, Phillimore-Gardens interior of the fourth act. Then we have the soured, silly, exacting, ineffectual Mrs. Madras, a martyr to pains of body and emptiness of mind. In the second act, again, we have three absolutely masterly pieces of portraiture: the hysterical, un-governed shrew; the rigid, ironclad old maid; and the clever, competent, unillusioned woman who, being economically self-supporting, and having no social position to lose, can look forward with equanimity and almost with exultation to the "trouble" which her thirst for life has brought upon her. The scene between these three and their unconventional employer is a piece of admirable and most original comedy. Finally, we have in Mrs. Philip Madras, the restless, semi-satisfied woman of culture, who tries to find in æsthetics a refuge from her senses on the one hand, her social conscience on the other, and who, without passion, drifts within measurable distance of vulgarities which are foreign to

her better nature. All these types are admirably observed and vividly portrayed; and the whole of the third act, in which no woman appears, save three mute "mannequins," is devoted to a discussion of female character and function, which I venture to call one of the most scintillating passages in modern literature. The American philosopher-financier, Mr. Eustace Perrin State, is a gem of humor, and at the same time an extraordinarily faithful study. I do not mean that any American is quite like him, but that his character is compounded of genuinely American traits. As for Constantine Madras, the mouthpiece of Oriental anti-feminism, he is less happily conceived inasmuch as he betrays a touch of the Shaw influence. But this does not seriously detract from the originality and delightfulness of the scene. It is full, as indeed the whole play is, of brilliant wit, which is never mere epigram, but always a true product of character and situation; and among all the brilliancy, there is every here and there a saying of real profundity, a memorable flash of insight or poignant utterance of truth.

It may seem that my threatened reservations are long of coming, and even that, after what I have said, there is scant room for any reservation at all. The fact is, they do not arise until the very end of the third act, and it is to the fourth alone that they apply with any force. It is the old story—Mr. Barker is so determined not to be theatrical, that he sometimes forgets to be dramatic. He drifts away into sheer talk, which is no part of any action or fragment of an action, but exists simply (or so it would seem) because he has some ideas left over, which he feels he must at all hazards express. No doubt he will think this a quite unjust way of putting it; he will prefer to say that his characters remain incomplete until they have talked themselves out. Well then, let us accept this version of the case: the fact remains that it is a technical error to leave portions of character undeveloped until every semblance of action is over and done with. If, and inasmuch as, the technique of the first three acts is right, that of the fourth act is wrong. The first three acts, despite their lack of continuous story, are absorbingly interesting; but for one reason or another the interest of the fourth act is languid from the first, and dies away altogether long before the end. The talk between Philip and Jessica Madras is good enough talk in itself, but we feel it to be all wrong at that point in the play. Mr. Barker may reject the reasons I have tried to give; but I can assure him of the fact that I strove in vain against the feeling of restlessness which I felt to be taking hold of my neighbors and of the house. I tried to persuade myself that I did not feel it; I told myself that a first-night audience is abnormally nervous, and recalled how the third act of "Waste" had on first hearing seemed to me much too long, while on second hearing I would not have spared two words of it. But the very fact that these thoughts had time to pass through my mind showed that I was not absorbed in the drama; and at last I had reluctantly to yield to the feeling that I did not want to sit and listen to the fire-side talk of Philip and Jessica, when I knew that there was no point to be settled, no climax to be reached, in short, nothing to come of it. Mr. Barker ignores what I take to be a fundamental fact in the psychology of the theatrical audience: that it is anticipation which keeps us in our seats at the play, and that, when all anticipation is over, the curtain cannot fall too promptly. In other words, it is an author's business not to let his action, however slight it may be, run out before his character-study is completed—more especially when the dregs of his character-study have a suspicious air of mere abstract philosophising.

The acting of "The Madras House" is altogether admirable. Quite in the first line I would place Mr. Arthur Whitby, whose performance of the American financier was a pure delight. Mr. Charles Bryant and Mr. Charles Maude gave us the best pieces of comedy they have ever done; the soft-voiced subtlety of Miss Fay Davis's Jessica Madras was memorably excellent; and Mr. Eadie, Mr. Garden, Mr. Valentine, Mr. Casson,

Miss Florence Hayden, Miss Mary Whitty, Miss Mary Jerrold and Miss Mary Barton were all as good as they could possibly be. This is the advantage of a play which puts actors on their mettle.

A typical and most interesting "slice of life" is Lady Bell's play, "The Way the Money Goes," at the New Royalty Theatre. It seizes, develops, and exhausts an incident. It is a rare instance of real dramatic skill coming to the aid of intimate knowledge of social conditions. There is unmistakable and terrible truth in the way in which the excellent Mrs. Holroyd, quite against her will, blunders into one after another of the pitfalls that are dugged for the feet of the ignorant and inexperienced poor. In the ordering of the incidents, too, there is ingenuity of the best sort—ingenuity as distinguished from artifice. The play interests us, moves us, widens our knowledge and our sympathy. My one quarrel with it is that it ends too tamely. I long to see John Holroyd, that insufferable pharisee in fustian, made to realise that it is he and not his wife that is to blame. If Lady Bell could not find it in her heart to let Mrs. Holroyd "round upon him," she might at least have let Mrs. Riggs do so, even if it had involved some modification of that good lady's character. Miss Helen Haye's performance of Mrs. Holroyd is a very remarkable piece of acting, and the whole cast is more than competent.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

## Music.

### HOPE FOR PROVINCIAL OPERA.

It was a rather curious coincidence that just at the time when Mr. Beecham was waking London up with his "Elektra" and other performances, and with his promise of a further spring and autumn season at His Majesty's and Covent Garden, Edinburgh should have been the scene of an operatic experiment that may have consequences as far-reaching for the provinces as Mr. Beecham's schemes may have for London. No dweller in the provinces needs to be told of the unsatisfactory state of opera there. We have some touring companies that do their work honestly according to their lights and their means, though the lights are sometimes dim and the means often inadequate. The repertoire mostly consists of operas that kindle little or no enthusiasm in musicians who have moved with the times in orchestral or chamber music. People who have become interested in the later Wagner, in Strauss, in Debussy, in Elgar, and in Bantock, feel no particular yearning to spend an evening over Gounod's "Faust," or "Tannhäuser," or "Lohengrin." So desolate is the state of opera that the managers of our touring companies think they have done something wonderful when they have spent a week in an ordinary town without giving "Maritana" or the "Bohemian Girl." Now and then attempts are or have been made at such things as "Tristan," "Die Meistersinger," "Siegfried," or "The Valkyrie," but the means at the disposal of the companies have been quite inadequate for performances that would satisfy musicians who had heard the works elsewhere. Your intentions may be the best in the world, but good intentions will not enable you to play the score of "Tristan" with an orchestra of forty or so; nor are the people who have spent their lives with "Faust" and "Maritana" and the "Bohemian Girl" the ones to make "Siegfried" sound and look as its creator intended it to do. The situation therefore seemed absolutely hopeless. So long as opera in the provinces means a round of stale works pretty well given, with an occasional dash of great modern works badly given, musicians will have nothing to do with it; while the reply of the companies is that until the musical public supports them better they cannot launch out into untried seas. The obvious rejoinder to this is that it is the business of the vendor of an article to show it to us before he asks us to buy it; and that the companies would probably find the larger



musical public rallying round them if they catered properly for it. So there has been much talk and much newspaper correspondence, but nothing more practical. Some of us have seen that the only solution of the problem was for some man of broader musical sympathies and a more daring imagination than those of the ordinary impresario to start doing the thing thoroughly well and hoping for the best. We thought that some day Covent Garden might be induced to send a troupe round the provinces after the London season had ended, or that some concert manager of experience, such as Mr. Percy Harrison, might try running an operatic tour as a diversion from running orchestral tours or prima donna tours.

It looks, however, as if the impetus is to come, not from London or Birmingham, but from Edinburgh. We might have waited till doomsday before any of our ordinary operatic companies produced the "Ring of the Nibelung" on a proper scale. It has been done during the past couple of weeks in Edinburgh, the motive force being Herr Ernst Denhof, an Austrian resident of that city. He has, of course, had incredible difficulties to contend against. Some of them were inevitable; others might have been avoided if the venture had not aroused, as schemes of this kind always do, the jealousy of people who will do nothing themselves, but are always ready to throw cold water on the plans of more earnest and energetic men. Nor, if report speaks truly, has Herr Denhof had the support from the Press of his own town that any man engaged in so fine a work as this should have been able to count upon with confidence. Some of the newspaper critiques upon the performances, indeed, even in Edinburgh, indicate that the critics have still a good deal to learn about Wagner and the "Ring"; even the plot, judging by the inaccurate summaries of it that appeared in one or two of the leading papers, had been hastily worked up by the scribes at the last moment. One intrepid writer actually informed the public that in the first scene of the "Rhinégold" there was not only the gold on the rock, but the Ring and the Tarnhelm as well! This is magnificent, but it is not Wagner.

Yet in spite of everything, the performances—two cycles of the work have been given—were not only an artistic success, but so far a financial success that Herr Denhof contemplates a tour of the leading provincial cities in the autumn. Such little shortcomings as the performances exhibited now and then were entirely due to the smallness of the stage of the King's Theatre, or to the rather insufficient mechanical equipment of it, or to the inexperience of the stage hands. Mr. E. C. Hedmond worked wonders as stage director, considering the material he had to deal with. But though anyone who knew the "Ring" well and was familiar with other performances of it could see, by sundry little signs, that the people behind the scenes had their hands full, practically nothing went really wrong. For the rest one can only speak in terms of the highest praise of the performances, which frequently had a more complete unity than those that Covent Garden has given us in English during the last two or three years. An orchestra of eighty-two poured out a magnificent flood of tone that must have astonished the provincials whose previous notions of an operatic orchestra had been derived from what the touring companies have given them. Herr Balling, of Bayreuth, was a first-rate conductor, in whose hands the score was a mine of beauty and expressiveness. Miss Agnes Nicholls as Brynhilde, Miss Florence Easton as Sieglinda, Mr. Francis MacLennan as Siegmund and Siegfried, Mr. Frederic Austin as Wotan and Gunther, Mr. Thomas Meux as Alberich, Mr. Charles Knowles as Hagen, Mr. Sidney Russell as Mime, Mr. Hedmond as Loge, and Mr. Robert Radford as Fasolt and Hunding, all sang excellently and showed gratifying ability as actors, though several of them were taking the parts for the first time. The work of Mr. Austin was especially admirable throughout, not only vocally but on the intellectual side.

It would be too bad if these two cycles of the "Ring" were allowed to be the end of the matter. So much enthusiasm, so much courage, deserve a better fate than that. The question now is, will the provinces en-

courage Herr Denhof to bring the "Ring" to their own doors? Are Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Leeds, and Sheffield going to show themselves less intelligent and less artistic than Edinburgh? It will be to their lasting disgrace if they do. The situation is simplicity itself compared with what it was a few months ago. The provinces have long wanted to hear the "Ring," but the enormous difficulties in the way of a beginning led to nothing being done. The beginning has now been made; the vast preliminary work of organisation is over, and Herr Denhof and his assistants have acquired much valuable experience. The other towns will profit by this. All they have to do is to show sufficient interest in the scheme to encourage Herr Denhof to go on. Will they do this, or will they show an indifference that will not only deprive them of the "Ring" now, but will effectually discourage any one from attempting to give it them in the future?

## Communications.

### THE PLANNING OF GREATER PARIS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—At the end of December last the permission of both Houses of the French Parliament was given to the increase of the municipal debt of Paris, and the Municipality of Paris are now committed to what is, without doubt, the greatest single scheme of municipal improvement that the civilised world has known.

This scheme involves the expenditure of 900,000,000 francs (£36,000,000 sterling), and this enormous sum will be raised as it is needed over a period of from fifteen to eighteen years by the issue of municipal loan stock.

The construction of new schools and improvements in existing schools will take 91,000,000 francs; new works and improvements in water supply 125,000,000 francs; construction, improvement, and repair of public hospitals 35,000,000 francs; and the reconstruction of abattoirs 40,000,000 francs.

For the improvement of roads and pavements and various improvements in the services of public lighting and street cleansing, 44,000,000 francs will be allotted, but it is certain that this great amount must be still further increased in order to repair the ravages made by the recent floods.

Paris enjoys the honor of being the first municipality in the world to devote a large sum of money to the definite purpose of fighting the "white scourge" of consumption. 30,000,000 francs of this great municipal budget are to be expended on "La lutte contre tuberculose." Half of this amount will be used in the demolition of insanitary dwellings, and the investigations of the municipal "Casier Sanitaire" will now bear most valuable fruit, for the municipal authorities have in the records of this department the life and death history of every house in Paris since 1894.

The improvement of existing promenades and open spaces, the completion of public squares and the creation of new squares and public gardens will take 15,000,000 francs, and improvements and developments in various public buildings 25,000,000 francs.

The central feature of this municipal budget is, however, the apportionment of 440,000,000 francs (£17,200,000 sterling) for improvements in the planning of the city.

The first great scheme of town-planning improvement in Paris was due to Baron Haussmann and his imperial master, Napoleon III. In 1850, the only streets of great importance were the grand boulevards, and these dated from the time of Louis XIV. To these Haussmann added the Boulevards Voltaire, Magenta, Barbes, Haussmann, and Malesherbes, the Rue Lafayette, the Avenue de la République, and many other broad traffic streets.

Haussmann found a Paris with narrow, crowded streets, and by a few bold engineering achievements—costing in all 180,000,000 francs—transformed it into a city which, to the visitor from England, has the appearance of a city of broad boulevards and spacious avenues.

The scope of the new scheme is thus described by the Rapporteur to the Paris Council on the budget—Councillor Louis Dausset:—

"It will be easy to summarise the character of this great project if for a few minutes we consider it to be complete. If



we carry our imagination forward for fifteen years what do we see?"

"To begin with, great arteries for traffic have been created or lengthened. On the left bank of the Seine from the Place St. Germain de Près as far as the Seine itself, a broad thoroughfare gives traffic easy access to the right bank of the river. Not far from this new street the rues de l'Abbé, de l'Épée, de Bue, St. Jacques, de l'Ecole, and de la Madeleine are greatly enlarged."

"The Church of St. Severin, one of the most beautiful buildings in Paris, is freed from the wretched buildings—centres of disease and consumption—which formerly surrounded it."

"In the neighboring (13th, 14th, and 15th) arrondissements new thoroughfares have been constructed and old thoroughfares enlarged."

"On the right bank of the Seine even greater improvements have been made. The Central Wholesale Markets have been completed and the surrounding streets greatly enlarged to meet the ever-growing traffic to and from the markets. At the angle of the rue Drouet and the Boulevard des Italiens a large and handsome junction of roads completely alters the aspect of the living centre of Paris."

"For forty years the Boulevard Haussmann ended abruptly at the rue Taitbout; it has now, however, been carried through to the Grand Boulevard."

"In the 10th arrondissement the old prison of St. Lazare has disappeared, giving room for new streets and healthy houses."

The work of city improvement is, however, not to be confined to the centre of Paris, for great developments in the suburbs are projected, although provision has not been made for these in the present municipal scheme. Hitherto the growth of greater Paris has been hindered by the fortifications of the city. These are now obsolete, and their destruction is only a matter of time. Schemes for the laying out of the land at present occupied by these out-of-date defences have been carefully considered, the Paris Municipality are negotiating with the Government for the purchase of the land, and a municipal endeavor will be made to secure a large number of open spaces and various garden village developments.

The movement which in Great Britain has produced the Housing and Town-Planning Act (1909) has had its counterpart in France, and, as a result, the Beauquier Town Extension Act has been passed to secure the proper planning of all new housing areas, including those of greater Paris.

This Act provides that:—

"Within five years from the date of the passing of this Act each Urban District with more than 10,000 inhabitants shall prepare a town extension and improvement plan."

"This plan shall determine the positions of public squares, gardens, parks, and open spaces, shall fix the width of roads, their direction, the manner of constructing the houses, and, in general, shall establish the proper development of the town on hygienic and artistic lines."

"The plan, when prepared by the officials of the Municipal Council, shall be submitted for the approval of the Bureau of Hygiene for the Department in which the town is situated, and also for the approval of the Departmental Commission for the Preservation of Sites and Places of Natural Beauty or Historic Interest."

"These Departments shall then prepare and submit such observations as they may deem desirable. There shall also be kept open for a whole year at the Town Hall a public register in which observations and objections to the plan may be recorded."

"The plan when definitely finished shall be authorised by an order of the Council of State."

"If during the period of five years from the passing of this law a municipality does not establish a town extension and improvement plan, this neglect shall be remedied on the initiative of the Prefect of the Department in which the town is situated. The plan will then be made public in accordance with Clause 3 as above."

"The plan, when finally approved, shall remain in operation for thirty years, and must then be renewed. During this period of thirty years all extensions and improvements in the town must be made in accordance with the plan."

When the great scheme for replanning the centre of Paris has been completed, and the girdle of land now occupied by fortifications has been properly planned, Paris will have a good claim to the title of the most beautiful city in the world.

Whether it will also be the most healthy city will depend on the efforts of Léon Bourgeois, Jules Siegfried, Paul Strauss, and other housing and health reformers. These indefatigable workers for hygienic reform claim that, to build a Paris which shall be worthy of the great traditions of the French people, the densely packed areas in which the poorer citizens of Paris dwell should be vigorously dealt with and every unwholesome house destroyed. They state with truth that it is not enough to improve those parts of

the city to which visitors come for pleasure and rest. The housing problem of the thrifty, hard-working Paris artisan must receive equal attention, and new and healthy dwellings replace the unhealthy dwellings which to-day act as veritable "foyers" of tuberculosis and other diseases.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY R. ALDRIDGE.

## Letters to the Editor.

### WHY SHOULD THERE BE A SECOND GENERAL ELECTION?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Many Liberal speakers are assuming that another General Election will almost certainly take place in a few weeks' time. This assumption grounds itself upon the belief that as Mr. Asquith has not obtained, in advance, from the King, guarantees for the creation of a sufficient number of peers to secure the passage of a Veto Removal Bill through the Lords, the King will decline to give this guarantee when a definite proposal embodying the views of the Ministry and of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons is brought before him. But to give currency to such a belief is surely both ungenerous and impolitic. It is impolitic, because a widely disseminated forecast of the kind will tend to bring about its realisation, and it is unfair to assume that because Mr. Asquith may have failed to secure the requisite assurances, in advance, the King will avail himself of a tactical error, if such it be, on the part of his Prime Minister, to make futile the election which has just taken place, and so prolong an angry controversy which can end only in one way, and which on grounds of high national expediency, should be speedily settled.

The request for guarantees will come before the King with an urgency and authority to which a second election can add little, if any, weight. It is not as if a new question had been sprung upon him. He will know that the present position is one which it is impossible should last. When the Conservatives are in power the country is practically under Single-Chamber rule; when the Liberals are in power, their measures are mutilated or rejected whenever the House of Lords considers that it will serve the interests of the Tory Party to destroy them. In 1906 and 1908 the most important measures of the year, which passed through the Commons with huge and unprecedented majorities, were destroyed in the Lords, while last year witnessed the crowning outrage of the rejection of the Budget.

The spirit of the Constitution, to say nothing of the elementary requirements of a self-governing State, demand that this condition of things should be changed. In 1907 Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman brought forward resolutions which, if embodied in legislation, would secure that the will of the House of Commons should prevail within the lifetime of a single Parliament. These resolutions were accepted by the House of Commons by a majority of 285, the figures being: for, 432; against, 147. Although these proposals were characterised by extraordinary caution, and fell far short of the demands of many reformers, they have been loyally accepted by all sections of the Liberal Party, and during the recent election, held the field.

We know Mr. Asquith's famous Albert Hall declaration that "We shall not assume office, and we shall not hold office, unless we can secure the safeguards which experience shows us to be necessary for the legislative utility and honor of the party of progress. . . . The will of the people, as deliberately expressed by their elected representatives must, within the lifetime of a single Parliament, be made effective." For the purpose of my argument it matters not whether the popular interpretation put upon the former of these sentences throughout the election, or the more restricted import since given to them by Mr. Asquith, be adopted. There is no ambiguity at any rate about the latter sentence. In either case, the King will have known that the continuance of a Liberal Ministry in office was dependent upon obtaining guarantees for the passing of the Veto Bill. If the Government are not to obtain these guarantees, the purpose for which this Parliament was

elected will have been rendered vain. I refuse to believe that the King will decline to accept the mandate of the country as given at the recent election. The majority is sufficient in numbers for the work it has to do, and it has with it the most powerful forces of the State—the great industrial centres of the North of England and of Scotland.

Mr. Asquith has deprecated bringing the name of the King into this discussion, but consider what would happen if a second election were held. As a Member of Parliament said to me the other day: "When I go down to my constituency and ask for their mandate against the Lords, they will reply, 'We gave you that in January, why do you come again?'" The only answer that could be given would be that the King had refused to give the guarantees, without which the Veto Bill could not pass. No true friend of the monarchy would wish that the King's name should come into the struggle in this way. Even if a second election were held, what evidence is there that the country would be nearer a solution of the difficulty? Having regard to the very heavy polls at the recent election, it does not seem likely that one held in a few weeks' time upon the same issues would result in any great change in the balance of parties. If the Liberal majority were reduced to fifty, would the King give the guarantees, and, if not, how could the Government of the country be carried on? The Liberals would not assume office, and the Conservatives could not hold it with a majority of fifty against them. If, on the other hand, the results of a second election were the same as those of the first, or if the Liberal majority were increased to 150, would the guarantees then be given? If not, then a Parliamentary deadlock would arise, and the Government of the country pass into a condition of hopeless confusion.

The controversy has reached a stage in which neither Parliament nor the country will be satisfied with anything short of the limitation of the veto, and in which Liberal Ministers will not retain or assume office unless they have the power to secure the passing of the Veto Bill. I cannot accept the assumption that the King will be unwilling to give the guarantees; the facts of the situation point to the extreme unwisdom of taking a step which would inevitably drag the name of the sovereign into an embittered electoral controversy, and do more than anything which has happened for the last two generations to shake the foundations of the throne.—Yours, &c.,

AN OLD LIBERAL.

March 7th, 1910.

### THE LORDS AND A REFERENDUM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson, in your last issue, after suggesting that the question of the veto of the House of Lords should be decided by means of a Referendum, says: "The country would vote definitely on that one issue. Each elector would be asked to declare on his voting paper whether he is in favor of the Bill or no, and it would be impossible for him to vote on any other question."

Surely, as Mr. Asquith is determined to resign if he cannot carry the abolition of the veto, most electors would vote Yes or No, according to whether they wished to have a Conservative or a Liberal Government in office.

The impossibility of an honest declaration of opinion on any measure, so long as the fate of the Government may conceivably be depending on your vote, is one of the curses of the party system of government, and it would surely come into play in the case of a Referendum, just as it does in the House of Commons.

It is well worthy of note in this connection that the only country in the world where the Referendum has been a marked success is Switzerland, and that in that happy land (the best-governed country in Europe, and the only real democracy in the civilised world) the party system of government is quite unknown. Party government and democracy are incompatible.—Yours, &c.,

E. MELLAND.

March 7th, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The suggestion in THE NATION of February 26th, and in Mr. Lowes Dickinson's letter in your following

number that a Referendum on the veto of the House of Lords is the way out of the present crisis both seem to suffer from a failure to realise that the other side would have the choice of whether they would accept or decline the challenge, and if accepting, on what terms.

The Referendum must either be a mere consultation with the nation, or a portion of an operative resolution or Bill, which, if carried, would have the force of an Act of Parliament.

In the one case the Conservatives could well say that if the Government wished to obtain a vote of confidence from their Liberal constituents, they would not raise any objection, but that they did not propose to take any part in it, and, of course, would not feel bound by the result. In such circumstances the average elector, feeling none of the excitement of an election, would probably not bother to record his vote.

In the other case, that which Mr. Dickinson seems to contemplate, the details of the Bill would have to be settled before the Referendum was taken. It would, therefore, be open to the House of Lords to so amend it as to take the Referendum on the most favorable issue to themselves, and, *inter alia*, to provide that the Referendum must be carried by a two-thirds majority either of those voting or of the whole electorate. However we may talk about the revolutionary action of the Lords in stopping supplies, it will be difficult to persuade the ordinary citizen that a limitation of the veto is not an alteration of the *status quo* under the Constitution, and to resist an amendment that such an alteration should not be carried by a bare majority of votes.

But if not by a bare majority, by what majority? Two-thirds is a recognised fraction in local government and trade union practice. But have we such a majority?—Yours, &c.,

R. C. PHILLIMORE.

Battler's Green, Watford, Herts.,  
March 6th, 1910.

### STRAUSS AND HIS ELEKTRA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I, as an old critic of music, and as a member of the public who has not yet heard "Elektra," make an appeal to Mr. Ernest Newman to give us something about that work a little less ridiculous and idiotic than his article in your last issue? I am sorry to use disparaging and apparently uncivil epithets as "ridiculous and idiotic"; but what else am I to call an article which informs us, first, that Strauss does not know the difference between music and "abominable ugliness and noise"; and, second, that he is the greatest living musician of the greatest school of music the world has produced? I submit that this is ridiculous, inasmuch as it makes us laugh at Mr. Newman, and idiotic because it unhesitatingly places the judgment of the writer above that of one whom he admits to be a greater authority than himself, thus assuming absolute knowledge in the matter. This is precisely what "idiotic" means.

Pray do not let me be misunderstood as objecting to Mr. Newman describing how "Elektra" affected him. He has not, perhaps, as much right to say that it seemed ugly and nonsensical to him (noise, applied to music, can only mean nonsense, because in any other sense, all music is noise) as Haydn had to say similar things of Beethoven's music, because Haydn was himself an eminent composer; still, he is perfectly in order in telling us honestly how ill "Elektra" pleased him, and not pretending he liked it lest his opinion should come to be regarded later on as we now regard his early opinion of Wagner. But he should by this time have been cured by experience and reflection of the trick that makes English criticism so dull and insolent—the trick, namely, of asserting that everything that does not please him is wrong, not only technically but ethically. Mr. Newman, confessing that he did not enjoy, and could not see the sense of a good deal of "Elektra," is a respectable, if pathetic, figure; but Mr. Newman treating Strauss as a moral and musical delinquent, is—well, will Mr. Newman himself supply the missing word, for really I cannot find one that is both adequate and considerate?

When my "Candida" was performed for the first time in Paris, the late Catulle Mendès was one of its critics. It



affected him very much as "Elektra" affected Mr. Newman. But he did not immediately proceed, English fashion, to demonstrate that I am a perverse and probably impotent imbecile (London criticism has not stopped short of this), and to imply that if I had submitted my play to his revision he could have shown me how to make it perfect. He wrote to this effect: "I have seen this play. I am aware of the author's reputation, and of the fact that reputations are not to be had for nothing. I find that the play has a certain air of being a remarkable work and of having something in it which I cannot precisely seize; but I do not like it, and I cannot pretend that it gave me any sensation except one of being incommoded." Now that is what I call thoughtful and well-bred criticism, in contradistinction to ridiculous and idiotic criticism as practised in England. Mr. Newman has no right to say that "Elektra" is absolutely and objectionably ugly, because it is not ugly to Strauss and to his admirers. He has no right to say that it is incoherent nonsense, because such a statement implies that Strauss is mad, and that Hoffmanstahl and Mr. Beecham, with the artists who are executing the music, and the managers who are producing it, are insulting the public by offering them the antics of a lunatic as serious art. He has no right to imply that he knows more about Strauss's business technically than Strauss himself. These restrictions are no hardship to him; for nobody wants him to say any of these things: they are not criticism; they are not good manners nor good sense; and they take up the space that is available in *THE NATION* for criticism proper; and criticism proper can be as severe as the critic likes to make it. There is no reason why Mr. Newman should not say with all possible emphasis—if he is unlucky enough to be able to say so truly—that he finds Strauss's music disagreeable and cacophonous; that he is unable to follow its harmonic syntax; that the composer's mannerisms worry him; and that, for his taste, there is too much restless detail, and that the music is over-scored (too many notes, as the Emperor said to Mozart). He may, if he likes, go on to denounce the attractiveness of Strauss's music as a public danger, like the attraction of morphia; and to diagnose the cases of Strauss and Hoffmanstahl as psychopathic or neurasthenic, or whatever the appropriate scientific slang may be, and descant generally on the degeneracy of the age in the manner of Dr. Nordau. Such diagnoses, when supported by an appeal to the symptoms made with real critical power and ingenuity, might be interesting and worth discussing. But this lazy petulance which has disgraced English journalism in the forms of anti-Wagnerism, anti-Ibsenism, and, long before that, anti-Handelism (now remembered only by Fielding's contemptuous reference to it in "Tom Jones"); this infatuated attempt of writers of modest local standing to talk *de haut en bas* to men of European reputation, and to dismiss them as intrusive lunatics, is an intolerable thing, an exploded thing, a foolish thing, a parochial boorish thing, a thing that should be dropped by all good critics and discouraged by all good editors as bad form, bad manners, bad sense, bad journalism, bad politics, and bad religion. Though Mr. Newman is not the only offender, I purposely select his article as the occasion of a much needed protest, because his writings on music are distinguished enough to make him worth powder and shot. I can stand almost anything from Mr. Newman except his posing as Strauss's governess; and I hope he has sufficient sense of humor to see the absurdity of it himself, now that he has provoked a quite friendly colleague to this yell of remonstrance.—Yours, &c.,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.  
March 1st, 1910.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—A lady once asked Mr. Shaw to dine with her. Mr. Shaw's answer was, "Certainly not; what have I done to provoke this attack on my well-known morals?" or words to that effect. The lady's telegram in reply was as effective as it was quiet: "Know nothing about your morals, but hope they are better than your manners." I, too, hope so; for Mr. Shaw's manners, judging from this letter of his, are getting almost as bad as his logic. If I were to respond to his "appeal" to me in a spirit similar to his own, I

should appeal to him not to talk so dogmatically and offensively of things he knows nothing about—for he confesses that he has not yet heard "Elektra"—and to control his bad temper and his vanity to a degree that will save him from too gross a parody of the case he is attacking—one does not expect, of course, too much from the man who has written about Shakespeare and other people as Mr. Shaw has done. I nowhere said that Strauss did not know the difference between abominable ugliness and noise, or that he is "the greatest living musician of the greatest school of music the world has produced." Mr. Shaw plainly does not know the difference between what he reads and what he dreams. To say that a man at times writes ugly music does not imply that at other times he cannot write beautiful music; and to say that Strauss's large and wonderful previous output, plus the wonderful passages of "Elektra," prove him to be the greatest of living composers (the "greatest school of music, &c., &c.," is the product of Mr. Shaw's own hectic imagination) is not inconsistent with the opinion that in recent years Strauss has sometimes done vulgar and stupid and ugly things. I hope this is clear, even to Mr. Shaw.

I shall be happy to discuss "Elektra" with Mr. Shaw when he knows something about it; and to discuss the general problem of æsthetic judgment with him when he shows some appreciation of the real difficulties of it. For a man who is always at such pains to inform the world that he is cleverer than most people, he really talks very foolishly—if I may be permitted to copy his own style of adverb. It is wrong for me to object to some of Strauss's music, even after careful study of it; but it is quite right of Mr. Shaw to say I am wrong, while confessing that he himself has not heard "Elektra!" But Mr. Shaw's logic was always peculiar. Look at some of the delightful deductions he draws from my article. I said that there was a lot of incoherent and discontinuous thinking in the opera. From this plain ground the industrious Mr. Shaw raises the following wonderful crop, which he puts to my credit: (1) Strauss is mad, (2) "Elektra" is the "antics of a lunatic," (3) Mr. Beecham and the singers and the orchestra are insulting the public by performing it. Prodigious logician! How does he do it? Mr. Shaw's ingenious theory is that I don't like some of Strauss's music because I can't follow it—his "harmonic syntax," for example. My objection to passages of this kind is not that they are opaque to my poor mind, but too transparent; and my general objection, as a musician, to some of Strauss's later themes and his combinations of them is that they are so ridiculously easy to write. But perhaps I am taking Mr. Shaw and his outburst too seriously. I quite agree with him that his letter—so rich in knowledge, so admirable in reasoning, so perfect in taste, so urbane in style!—should teach the musical critics something, even if only in the way that the language and the antics of the drunken helots were held to be useful for teaching the Spartan youths the advantages of sobriety.—Yours, &c.,

ERNEST NEWMAN.

## THE LIBERAL PARTY AND THE ESTIMATES.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The Naval Estimates are a terrible disillusionment, and it is to be hoped that the more immediate crisis will not prevent supporters of the Government from saying so plainly. What is the use of laboring to popularise new methods of taxation if the whole product is to be squandered in a fruitless and unnecessary competition of waste? What is the use of unofficial efforts to create a better feeling between the British and German nations if the Government is to upset this work by the production, at a moment when the German Estimates are actually being reduced, of a programme which can only be called arrogant and provocative?

The main part of the increase of 5½ million pounds is due to the panic plans of last spring and autumn, never justified, and, indeed, based upon information which has been proved false. It means that the £40,600,000 of this year will increase to something like 45 million pounds in the next two or three years. Where is the next extra five million pounds to come from? The programme means the destruction of every reform involving large expenditure for which the present Government stands. It is a betrayal of promises made and expectations encouraged by almost every member of the Ministerial majority. If it is persisted

in it means, when the emergency task of curbing the Lords is done, a wholesale desertion of the present Front Bench for some sounder leadership.—Yours, &c.,

G. H. PERRIS.

March 10th, 1910.

### A POLICY OF THOROUGH.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—We all feel the need of unity in fighting the House of Lords, but the unity must be real. If our unity be only a superficial make-believe, and not built upon a solid foundation of mutual understanding, it will fail us again when the storm comes, as it soon will. Why did it fail before? There was no disunity between the branches of the democratic force—Liberals, Labor, and Irish—but between all these and the Cabinet, and it would be blind folly to ignore the fact that this grave danger still exists, and will continue to exist until the democratic party chooses its own leaders, which as yet it does not. Had it done so, the great opportunity of 1906 would not have been frittered away. In the meantime the Irish and other stalwarts have saved us, and it is to them that we must look for leadership. Let them rouse the country and formulate in unmistakable terms the people's demand. The withholding of supply has already put the enemy into fear and confusion, and this policy must be maintained at all costs till the Veto is settled. It is already evident that with this weapon we can win if we have only courage enough. We should insist on real guarantees, and resist with all our might the feeble contention that there is any need at all for another General Election.—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH E. SOUTHALL.

13, Charlotte Road,  
Edgbaston, Birmingham,  
March 7th, 1910.

### THE BUDGET AND THE WHISKY DUTIES.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—“The Lords have no backing in the country, and no popular force exists as an obstacle in dealing with them.” These are your own words, and I agree with them. I am confident that there is in the country a much greater resentment of the Lords' intrusion into the forbidden realm of finance than is represented by a majority of about 120, and, in looking for the reason why the Government was not returned by a much larger majority, I have come to the conclusion that the 1909 Budget forced a large number of voters into what may only be temporary opposition. Speaking for the whisky trade (in which I am interested), I am aware that a large number of English voters were compelled to cast their lot with the Lords' party, not from any love for them, but from the feeling that they have a right to be allowed to live before being either Liberal or Conservative.

For some years there has been growing in the ranks of the more reflective members of our trade a conviction that, as our wares are sold quite as freely to Liberals as Conservatives, it has been bad business to allow our organisations to be so palpably political as they have been. Traders are known to me in London, Birmingham, Stockport, Shrewsbury, Kidderminster, Birkenhead, Leeds, and Nottingham, who were quietly endeavoring, as I have been, to remove from the trading associations their political bias, but the 1909 Budget did not leave breath in our bodies, and the movement is suspended for a time.

We have figures now which demonstrate that the additional duty on whisky had been bad business for the Chancellor as well as for us, and the same results may be anticipated from the imposition of the licence duties as proposed. Is it wise for the Government to persist in forcing friends into the enemy's camp for no pecuniary benefit to themselves? There is just now a very strong feeling of annoyance in our trade circles that the opposition to the Budget was most selfishly, as well as unsuccessfully, engineered in the interests of the land-owning classes. The real grievances of our trade were shamefully ignored in favor of the incomparably smaller grievances of the landowners.

Although my business is very hard hit under the Budget proposals, I hope I may be saved from having to accept temporary salvation at the hands of the Lords.

Protection would, in the end, be worse than the Budget,

but people in distress are sometimes known to cling to straws.

In any case, I cannot support a Government which deals so unfairly with my business and doesn't help itself in so doing.

Let us have some fairness in the 1910 Budget in respect of our trade, and the 120 majority may easily be doubled at the next “time of asking.”—Yours, &c.,

BON-ACCORD.

March 7th, 1910.

### THE KING'S ENGLISH.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The writer who discourses on “The King's English” ought to know that there is no authority whatever for the word “correctitude,” which he uses. The “New Oxford English Dictionary” does not even recognise the existence of such a word, and it appears to be a recent, and quite unnecessary, invention.—Yours, &c.,

H. V. R.

London, March 9th, 1910.

### THE CRISIS: A SUGGESTION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Might I offer a suggestion? In common with every Radical outside the Cabinet, I think that “the Guarantee” should have been demanded as the first thing by the Government. And I would greatly wish to see the Referendum put in force.

But the most of us think that when the Lords kick out our veto proposals, the King will not give either “the Guarantee” or the Referendum.

And what then? John Redmond says yesterday that we shall have another election in a few weeks. And in that case there are two things which the Government must do. (1) It must now tell the House of Lords that it shall not have another opportunity of rejecting the veto; (2) and secondly, if it has a majority, it must at once insist on the exercise of the prerogative. And when a sufficient number of Radical life peers have been created, here you will have not only a sufficient instrument for forcing the veto through the House of Lords; but you will also have the instrument, the only possible effective instrument, for doing the next necessary thing, viz., the reconstruction of the Second Chamber. I write from a spot sacred to true Liberals of the latter days. From my gate I can see the grave of the revered and beloved “C.-B.” And it occurs to me that once again the mouse may help the lion.—Yours, &c.,

D. K. AUCHTERLONIE.

Regent Villa, Meigle, Perthshire, N.B.

March 7th, 1910.

### THE MEANING OF THE SCOTTISH ELECTIONS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I thank the “English Liberal” who describes himself as having “taken a small part in four English elections,” and also as having beforehand done some work amid the Scottish people. If I write, it is not simply to thank him, but also to correct him, especially as for two reasons he stands in need of correction, mainly because his history is at fault, and also because he manifestly thinks of the Highlands as Scotland, while I, who am a Lowlander, agree with Mr. Andrew Lang in thinking that the people who live between the Tay and the Tweed have been the actual makers of Scotland. I would, indeed, include more than the men living between the Tay and the Tweed. All the Eastern Counties I prefer. Mr. Lang, as becomes a Yarrow man, says, “A Selkirk, Roxburgh, Berwickshire, or Lothian man is probably for the most part of English blood”—that is Danish and Anglo-Saxon. Mr. Lang, indeed, speaks largely of the people as English, and says that Edwin, who was the rightful prince of Deira, then reigned over the English from Forth to Trent.

It is a great mistake to think the people of Scotland are purely Celtic. I claim to be as much a Scotsman as anyone, and I am no Celt. When Lang said “The English speech and laws were the germs of the Scotland of history,” he says what is manifestly right. I have then to explain that I am a Scot by birth, living one half the year in the north and the other half in the south country. I have,









indeed, been trained to think of political questions very much as the Scottish people think of them, and my training has persisted in England, in spite of many influences that oppose Scotland. My grandfather, who lived before the days of comfort and through the hard times which preceded them, and which were due mainly to the operation of the Corn Laws, was a typical man of the higher yeoman peasantry. One of the things his daughter, who later became my mother, best remembered, was that when he was visited by the then local Earl, who had been appointed to canvass him and all his kind in the interest of the Corn Laws, the Earl said to him, "Laird, you will, simply by signing this document, increase the value of your land," and my mother, who was working with her father at the time, well remembered his look, as he replied, "I will never enhance the value of my land at the expense of the people's food," and the reply was characteristic of the man as well as of the time. It was characteristic of the time, for it said what the French Revolution believed and had put in circulation. It is to be attributed to Scottish Christianity, as well as to the nature of the man and his time. Still, if we think that not only was food so expensive in those far-off years, which are well named "hungry," but practically the food lay outside the reach of the common people, who had to live on barley meal and similar dainties. I can, for I have often heard of these days, tell a tale that would make men think twice before voting once, to bring back times so hard on the common race of men. We therefore see how every man who loved men, could not but speak a language that preferred their good to any amount of wealth.

I have said that I live one half the year in Scotland, and the other half in England, where, in the Midlands, I have had many and eminent opportunities of studying the contrast between North and South. The writer says that he thinks various causes have been at work in moulding the thought of the people, and he puts in the first place their religion. That is, I think, what they themselves would do, and were they accustomed to analyse, they would say that their religion is not a thing of polity and political framework, but of conviction. But he omits the very reason why the people are so religious. He thinks that the Free Church of Scotland—which came into being in 1842—has for nearly a hundred years been an educative force in the country. My memory and that of my ancestry goes back farther than the Free Church, and if we can ask why the people are so political and true to conviction we must think of many things, mainly of this, that there was a far older dissent in Scotland than the Free Church. I am jealous for it, because men I know were formed by it, and learned, before the Free Church was, to act in harmony with their convictions. It sprang from sincere religion, and was of the kind that disposed men to think of others more than they thought of themselves. The Scottish laborer who said, "We know now the value of the vote," really meant its value as regards the happiest of all states, the state according to the ideal of the Sermon on the Mount. "English Liberal" gives as a parallel the case of a young man who "kept a quite respectable and tidy shop." He replied to a suggestion, "If I cannot believe in the Birmingham 'Daily Mail' there is nothing left to believe in."

On this difference quite a multitude of moralisings may be built. We see why religion, which is a great factor in the life of the Scottish people, may have a far wider influence than the daily newspaper, which is, not only "a poor and sordid gospel," but no gospel at all.

I have to say about Birmingham that even where it is most partisan it is faithful to its color. One said, "I do not believe in putting a restriction on goods which would injure my own trade"—as much as cutting off one's nose to spite one's face—"and so I cannot support a cause that puts a restriction on the free entry of goods to this country"; but he added, "when it is made a party question, and as such formulated, I am not prepared to split my party or join the opposite camp; I have consequently no option but to adhere to my own party and its cries." That is a fair sample of the dominance of party spirit in the Midlands, a dominance we have to reckon with and overcome.—Yours, &c.,

A LIBERAL.

## Poetry.

### FOUR POEMS.

By H.E. THE CHINESE MINISTER, LORD LI CHIN-FONG.

The Chinese originals of these poems are in eight lines of five syllables each. They are rendered into English verse by Mr. L. Cranmer-Byng, who has taken care to keep them as literal as possible.

#### SPRING.

With a gush of larks returns the Spring  
And the swallow's tireless chattering.  
The plough glides o'er the water-lands  
And paper kites from tiny hands  
In country lanes are seen;  
While willows newly green  
Loom through the haze, and bright with dew  
The peach-bloom takes a tender hue  
Like maiden's blush that half defies  
The challenge of her lover's eyes.

Alas! in lonely room apart  
A young wife frets her lonely heart,  
And grieves for him she lightly sped  
To follow where ambition led.

#### SUMMER.

Pomegranate blossoms fresh and bright  
Now dazzle our delighted eyes,  
And care's mosquito clouds take flight  
Before the south wind's lullabies.  
Now, while the spell of noontide lingers,  
The round fan sways through listless fingers,  
And our enforced idleness  
Finds solace in a game of chess;  
Till the vague breath of evening roves  
Through windows shaded by green bamboo groves,  
And o'er the pond where shadows shift and wane,  
The lotus yields her fragrance to the rain.

Oh, harsh is June to those whom war beguiles!  
Oh, fair is June to those who court her smiles!

#### AUTUMN.

From every tree rustles the dry dun shower.  
How fair the parks in golden sunset's glow!  
Over yon brow loom mountains capped with snow,  
While moonlight silhouettes the storied tower.  
Dew makes the song of the cicada faint;  
The rare still air prolongs the crane's complaint.

Though winter's furred brocades seem far away,  
The wanderer's thoughts fly homeward bound to-day.

#### WINTER.

Our honored guest, with sable cloak,  
Sits radiant in the fireside's glow;  
Without, black harbingers of snow,  
The ravens croak.

Horses and winds across the hill  
Mingle as if in mirth their neigh,  
Yon chimneys cast in coils of grey,  
The smoke they spill.

Now flashing through the forest deeps,  
Red beacons light the quarry's lair.  
Fling up the blind! O, pale and rare  
The moonland sleeps!

Eastward the Pa Bridge faintly gleams,  
Like silver arches spanned in dreams.

## Reviews.

### A SCHOLAR AND A THINKER.\*

FEW things are more pathetic than the slender gleanings of a scholar's work that has been cut short prematurely by death. The years of preparation, the sanguine forecasting of large schemes of work, the long laborious accumulation of materials, they take up the years. The actual unburdening of the stored mind is usually rapid enough; but the student has one gambling risk which he cannot avoid. He has to stake all on the chance that life and health hold till the end, for till the work is complete he is nought. It is not the poet who has most need to have

"fears that he may cease to be  
Before the pen has gleaned the teeming brain,  
Before high-piled books in character,  
Hold like rich garners the full-ripened grain."

More tragic is the fate of the scholar who has nothing done till all is done, and dies leaving notes which, for all their value to the rest of the world, might as well have been written in cipher, while for him they represent nine-tenths of the matured work which it was his ambition to add to the thought of the world. The brief and unrevised paper which has been prefixed as an introduction to the new edition of Hobbes's "Leviathan," lately issued by the Clarendon Press, is, a short preface tells us, all that there is to show for the many years which the late Mr. Pogson Smith, of St. John's College, Oxford, had devoted to the elucidation of that thinker, and his position in the history of thought. Mr. Smith was a man of great powers, of whom high expectations were justly formed by a wide circle of friends, though the stress of that combination of the student's life with the teacher's, which some mistake strangely for a life of ease, broke him down before the threshold of middle age was even reached, and of his special work nothing remains but this fragment, vigorous and full of character in a measure to justify the expectations formed of the author, but, of course, the merest crumb from the store of his knowledge.

We will quote two passages in confirmation. The first compares Hobbes as a stylist and Bacon, "that bourgeois Machiavelli":—

"Bacon wrote to display his wit; Hobbes to convince and confute. Bacon invented epigrams to coax the public ear: Hobbes found his epigram after he had crystallised his thought. In short, the difference between the style of Bacon and Hobbes is to be measured by the difference between ostentation and passionate thought."

Unduly severe upon Bacon, perhaps, but undoubtedly a finely conceived defence of Hobbes, whose epigrams have the sort of terseness that belongs to formal logic and springs from the vigor of unadorned argument. They are pithy because they are precise, and are meant to convey what the argument has justified, so much and not a word more.

Hobbes was, in fact, what Mill described him, one of the "clearest and most consecutive thinkers that this country ever produced." Though with some claim to be considered the founder of the English school of philosophy, he was decidedly opposed to the characteristic methods of English thought—the only prominent man at all resembling him being, oddly enough, Mill's own father, who, like him, took up very partial truths and premises, and reasoned from them with much rigidity and consistency, and with little regard to empirical verification. This fearless one-sidedness is, in fact, the root of Hobbes's strength and his weakness. The result is well characterised by Mr. Smith in the second passage:—

"He offers us a theory of man's nature which is at once consistent, fascinating, and outrageously false. Only the greatest of realists could have revealed so much and blinded himself to so much more. You cry angrily: 'It is false, false to the core'; and yet the still, small voice will suggest, But how much of it is really true? It is poor, immoral stuff! so you might say in the pulpit, but you know that it probes very deep. . . . It is only the trick of the cheap cynic, you retort in fine. Yes, it is cynicism, but it is not cheap."

All this is well said. Hobbes takes up a position in which man, the individual man, is absolutely self centred, and he works out all its consequences with ruthless logic. At all points his results are, taken as a whole, profoundly false. Yet at hardly any point are they wholly false. They

\* Hobbes's "Leviathan." Reprinted from the edition of 1651. With an Essay by the late W. G. Pogson Smith. Clarendon Press.

would not, if they were so, carry the sting which is actually felt in them. So far as the self throws its shadow—and it throws it further than we like to think—Hobbes's account holds, and granting that his conclusion is, as a complete statement, untrue and unjust, Hobbes challenges us all to find out where he is wrong, and to prove him so with a logic as coherent as his own. Take any of his well-known definitions:—

"Sudden Glory is the passion which maketh those grimaces called Laughter; and is caused either by some sudden act of their own that pleaseth them; or by the apprehension of some deformed thing in another, by comparison whereof they suddenly applaud themselves."

The two words, "sudden glory," have more of the just analysis of roaring fun, flashing wit, and keen humor than many a ponderous essay on the nature of comedy, and some of us may be won to a partial favor towards the rest of the definition by the fact that it is attributed to "them"—to those others who laugh when the wind carries off our hats, or when they see us from their snug corner puffing and panting after the starting train. Having "them" in mind, we gladly con over Hobbes's next sentence:—

"And it is incident most to them that are conscious of the fewest abilities in themselves; who are forced to keep themselves in their own favor by observing the imperfections of other men."

If Hobbes does not please us when we laugh, he gives us, let us thankfully acknowledge, a word of consolation when we are laughed at.

What Hobbes really confused was the thought of self with the mass of experience and feeling which makes up the working content of the self. His equally well-known analysis of pity suffers from that defect:—

"Grief for the calamity of another is called Pity; and ariseth from the imagination that the like calamity may befall himself; and therefore also is called Compassion, and in the phrase of this present time, a Fellow-feeling."

Here it is true enough that a sense of "being in the same boat" sharpens our feeling; but as far as real grief for the misfortune of another is in question, the reason is not that given by Hobbes. He would have us suppose a kind of reasoning whereby we conclude to a lugubrious anticipation of the evil fate of ourselves. This we should feel not as grief but as fear. Such an element of selfish fear may, in fact, be blended with pity, but this blend only confuses the psychological issue. The true influence of "self" in the matter of pity is that what we realise of the feelings of another is based on our own experience, or expanded by our imagination, and as in most men the imagination is feeble, we have difficulty in vividly interpreting in our own minds a misfortune which is very alien from anything which we have ever known. Those who have never known the pinch of poverty talk of it with complacency, and are rather attracted by the idea of a "simple life" that contrasts so refreshingly with their own overloaded experience. The man who has known the smart can feel what it is when it descends on the shoulders of another. It is the experience of one's self, not the thought of one's self, that comes into play, and it is want of experience, and still more of its god-given substitute, imagination, that accounts for nine-tenths of the callousness of the world. Human nature is less logical than Hobbes supposed, and infinitely more complicated and subtle in its emotional structure. But Mr. Smith is right. Hobbes is no satirist or egoist. He has merely taken up one element, the sense of self, the demand of self assertion, and has carried it right through the theory of human life and the working of the social structure. To do so was to set to all subsequent thinkers the task of deciding where precisely he was wrong, and what was the starting point at which he ought to have begun. Here is a problem of reconstruction which, after more than two centuries, still awaits a statement as clear, consecutive, and, on its own lines, convincing, as that of Hobbes.

### A FRIEND OF SCOTT.\*

"THE SKENE PAPERS" afford a most pleasing and characteristic picture of Sir Walter Scott. James Skene was a whole-hearted enthusiast for "the Shirra," and is content

\* "The Skene Papers: Memories of Sir Walter Scott." By James Skene. Edited by Basil Thomson. Murray. 7s. 6d. net.



to efface himself, if only he can emphasise the indefinable charm of his "illustrious" friend. The present work, therefore, is not packed with good stories after the manner of Mrs. Hughes of Uffington, whose "Letters and Recollections" we are delighted to see re-issued in a compact shilling form; but, for a quiet picture, with the finer shades of delineation carefully preserved, of Scott as country gentleman and Tory magnate it could not, perhaps, be surpassed. It is a portrait of Scott as he showed himself to a man of like sympathies with his own.

The student of Scott's life, which ranks with the lives of Johnson and Lamb as the finest cordial in the whole history of our literature, turns instinctively to Mrs. Hughes for evidence of Scott's buoyancy after the financial crash of 1826. He will turn to Skene for the discreet revelations of Scott's early ardors as a German student, a cavalry officer, and a Liddesdale borderer. Lockhart depends upon him implicitly for his account of Scott's ambitions as a Quartermaster of Light Horse. His devotion to his troop and his drill was so intense about 1797 as to provoke the unflattering comment from his lawyer friend: "Scott is become the merest trooper that ever was begotten by a drunken dragoon on his trull in a hayloft. Not an idea crosses his mind, or a word his lips that has not a reference to some damned instrument or evolution of the cavalry." Of course, "Earl Walter," as he then was, wrote the regimental song, and the whole of the fifth canto of "Marmion" is said to have been composed riding up and down the drill ground at Portobello on his charger, Lenore. It was three years before this enthusiasm, so amiably reflected in "The Antiquary," first took root, that Skene of Rubislaw (*act.* 19) was first introduced to the young Writer. Associates at court, these young men had naturally much to tell each other. Skene was full of his school days at Hanau, and the rumors of revolution. He had a good knowledge of German, and was able to direct Scott in his callow Bürger-worship. Their close companionship reveals many delightful traits in Scott, and some of them would indubitably have been lost but for Skene. There are few more fascinating passages in Lockhart than the pages communicated by Skene on the Ettrick and Liddesdale excursions from Ashiestiel. The best passages, it is true, have already appeared (this ought, perhaps, to have been indicated in the present issue), such as the breezy description of Sir Walter's amazing fondness for fords. He liked to be the first man to cross a ford after a flood. He would even attempt them on foot, and tell stories or recite a ballad upon a stone in mid stream. "Upon one occasion of that kind, I was assisting him to pass the Ettrick on foot, and we had got upon a stone in the middle of the water, when some story about a Kelpie occurred to him, which he stopped upon our slippery footing to relate, and, laughing at his own joke, he slipped off and pulled me headlong after him; so that we both had a complete drenching, to the great entertainment of Mrs. Skene and Mrs. Morritt, who were standing on the bank of the stream."

Scott's solemn affectation of innocence in regard to the "Waverley Novels" is so unmeaning to us now that it is difficult to realise how vigorously he disclaimed the authorship ninety years ago. Yet it can hardly ever have been much more than a pretence with Skene, who recognised at the early stage of "Guy Mannering" a German song put into the mouth of Dirck Hatteraick, which he had been made to repeat several times to Scott. He rebuked Scott for a mistake in the transcript, and begged him to inform the author, which that shameless pseudonymist laughingly promised to do. Scott's tenacity in this matter is hardly less remarkable than his amiability in regard to interruption, impertinent correspondence, and the other minor crosses of the literary life. He always, we are told, volunteered some jocular excuse for any waywardness or inconvenience to which anyone had subjected him. The two minor grievances that really stung him to a momentary flame of annoyance were, first, the bad treatment of one of his books, and, secondly, the inadvertent use of his particular pen. Alert as he was to the occurrences of a whole countryside, Scott was prone at times to extraordinary lapses of observation, and to that total absence of mind which is noteworthy in a few of his later letters. He had an aunt, Mrs. Curle, who lived in Jedburgh. He was assiduous in visiting her. About 1821 she moved her dwelling, but habit led him to the accustomed door. He insisted on Lady Scott going up with

him to visit his aunt. The lady who now occupied the house happened to be at home, but in age and appearance she differed greatly from Mrs. Curle, who was a stout, burly looking piece of antiquity. Scott now saluted a wan-looking, shrivelled old maid, with a "How do you do, my dear aunt?" She rose in some confusion, to receive her unexpected guests, and, though Lady Scott at once perceived and tried to rectify the mistake, her husband proceeded to embrace the astonished old maiden, and addressed her again as "dear aunt," before she could make him realise the mistake of identity. He was greatly embarrassed then and afterwards at the recollection of such an incident.

Such traits are particularly interesting, coming from Skene, who had the faculty of admiration rather than the gift of intimacy. He tells us, too, a very interesting example of the way in which Scott, at a time when he seemed entirely preoccupied, absorbed every detail and hint about him, and was capable of embellishing a story from a grain of mustard seed until it resembled a monarch of the forest. Skene himself was instrumental in giving his friend some decidedly valuable hints. The incident narrated in the introduction to "Quentin Durward," the topography of that novel, the incident of the Vehmgericht, and the episode of King René of Provence, and much of the landscape in "Anne of Geierstein," are due to Skene's diaries and drawings. It was he who suggested the introduction of a persecuted Jew into "Ivanhoe," and who experienced the encounter with a phoca or seal, which Scott uses so effectively in "The Antiquary." We can hardly be too grateful to the man who was even remotely responsible for Isaac of York.

Skene's description of the poet's waning powers, his joy in Scottish earth, his last visit to the Hazelcleugh, and his deep grief at Erskine's funeral, when the tears rolled down his cheeks and he wept like a child—these things are told with much tenderness by an old man, to whom life was never quite the same thing again after "dear Scott" had departed. At ninety, his daughter tells us, one autumn evening he had a hallucination. Scott came from a very long distance to visit him. That must have been in 1865, when poor Skene's sense of the loss of his hero was almost as poignant as it was when in 1832 he fainted beside the open grave at Dryburgh.

These letters and documents are rather a mild draught of the fine champagne that was the spirit of Scott. Skene was not another William Erskine. But they are at least authentic, and they reflect for us the fighting Temeraire of letters, a figure that we all love, not only as one who stated incomparably, for all time, the ancient life of his native land, but also as one who was, individually, one of the most attractive and lovable of his species.

#### AN AMERICAN DIPLOMATIST.\*

It is characteristic of America that the most definitely formative influences in its political thought should have proceeded, not from academic theorists or professional statesmen, or arm-chair philosophers, but from the daily and weekly Press. Among these influences none has been so definite and so distinctively American as that exercised for over half a century by the "New York Evening Post." It has never striven after popular circulation, has never pandered to the baser tastes of the public, and the ordinary American is apt to mention it with a disparaging sneer as the organ of "the superior person." But its impression upon the life and thought of the nation through the medium of the best minds has been incalculably great. It has stood for scholarship and principles among a people rather scornful of both as hampering to the freedom of a new world. These principles have been those familiar in Europe under the name of Liberalism, though naturally the concrete issues which evoked their application have made the course of liberal politics in America different from that followed in such a country as Great Britain. The political problems of the Civil War, with its emancipation and reconstruction policy, sound finance, and civil service reform, were distinctly American issues, though the Free-Trade and anti-Imperialistic attitude of this school of American Liberals has brought them into closer touch with European Liberals.

\* "Retrospections of an Active Life." By John Bigelow, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of France, 1865-67. 3 vols. Unwin. 36s. net.

One of the most active men in the early days of the "Evening Post" was Mr. J. Bigelow, who carried with him through a long career of distinguished public service the sturdy principles which he formed and inculcated during the years in which he acted as joint-editor with Mr. W. C. Bryant of that great journal. To many readers of the three huge volumes of these "retrospections," the most attractive chapters will be those dealing with New York journalism at a time when C. A. Dana, Bayard Taylor, George William Curtis, and others whose names are written enduringly upon the literature of their country, were active pressmen.

But while still in early manhood, Mr. Bigelow, like so many writing men in the United States, was drawn into the public service as diplomatist, and the materials which occupy these volumes consist almost entirely of documents and letters bearing upon the foreign policy of America at a time when her relations with other countries were of a peculiarly delicate character. Mr. Bigelow represented his country at Paris, and afterwards at Berlin, during a period when a steady head, great energy, tact, and audacity were required in a minister, and his successful career entitles him to rank, as indeed he does, among the greatest public servants of the Republic.

To many readers the book will prove disappointing. It is in no sense an autobiography, for though the chronicle of public work is interspersed with casual glimpses into private life, there is no orderly attempt at a connected life story. Neither is it much occupied with anecdote or commentary upon the many important personages and external events which came within his experience as diplomatist. To tell the truth, Mr. Bigelow belongs to a serious, rather heavy type of American, very thorough, level-headed, and laborious, but not particularly interesting upon what is called the personal side. At the same time, it is evident that, like many men of this order, he had a great capacity for making and for holding friends, and upon occasion he showed real capacity in reading character and in penetrating masks. His earliest visit to Paris and London, 1858-60, brought him into contact with many men prominent in literature and politics. Russell of the "Times" was an early and an intimate friend, and Delane, Thackeray, Bright, and Cobden are among the men whose society he found most interesting. Here is a sketch of Gladstone in 1860:—

"He has the nervous, bilious temperament; black hair and bright black eyes; a square forehead, which does not rise as much in the region which phrenologists assign as the abode of the moral sentiments as one could wish; a rapid nervous motion, and everything about him rather more suggestive of a French or Italian than of a Saxon origin. His face is strongly marked with the lines of thought, and in his conversation he occasionally betrays the impression that his mind was pursuing a train of thought beyond the area prescribed by his interlocutor."

On his return from Europe Mr. Bigelow, abandoning his connection with journalism, designed to settle down to a quiet literary life. But the Civil War imposed other duties upon him. The meaning and necessity of that war were clearly discerned by him as the struggle for democracy against a privileged aristocracy, entrenched in power by the provisions of the Constitution, and the interpretations of the courts. Of Lincoln, at the beginning of his first Presidency, Mr. Bigelow records the strange impression of so devoted a friend as Senator King: "That he was not only unequal to the present crisis, but to the position he now holds at any time." His own maturer judgment is that "Lincoln's greatness must be sought for in the constituents of his moral nature. He was so modest by nature that he was perfectly content to walk behind any man who wished to walk before him. I do not know that history has made a record of the attainment of any corresponding eminence by any other man who so habitually, so constitutionally, did to others as he would have them do to him."

Mr. Bigelow's public career began with his appointment in 1861 as Consul at Paris, when he was entrusted with the important duty of watching and informing the European Press at a time when Confederate agents were everywhere busily engaged in poisoning public opinion in order, if possible, to secure European intervention for the South. Mr. Bigelow's Press experience stood him in good stead, and a full and interesting intercourse with Bright, Cobden,

and the few prominent Englishmen who upheld the Northern cause from the beginning, forms an interesting feature in the book. Bright discusses as usual not only the detailed expedencies of the policy, but the great underlying principles, and explains to Bigelow the reasons for the prejudices of our ruling class.

"It is a great mistake to imagine that our people are against your people. Our Government is made up of men drawn from the aristocratic families—it is therefore aristocratic, and, from a natural instinct, it must be hostile to your greatness and to the permanence of your institutions. Our rich men take their course mainly from the aristocracy, to whom they look up—and our Press, in London especially, is directly influenced by the Government, and the two sections of the aristocracy for which it writes—we have also our tremendous military services, with all their influence on the Government and on opinion. But we have other and better influences—the town populations—the nonconformist congregations, the quiet and religious people, and generally, I believe, the working-man—these have done much to put down the war cry, and to make a very considerable demonstration in favor of moderation, and, if needful, of arbitration."

A remark made to Mr. Bigelow by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton when he learned that the Civil War was at an end expresses a view widely current in high quarters. "Well, I must tell you frankly, Mr. Bigelow, I am sorry for it. I had indulged the hope that your country might break into two, or perhaps more, fragments. I regard the United States as a menace to the whole civilised world if you are allowed to go on developing as you have been, undisturbed."

The real importance of these "retrospections," however, consists in the mass of official and semi-official documents for the first time exposed to the public eye. Mr. Bigelow flings them out in great slabs to form a quarry for historical researchers. Many of the documents throw strong light upon the financial, political, and military machinations of the Confederates in England and France, especially during the first two years of the war, when so well-informed a man as Gladstone could suppose that Jefferson Davis had made "a nation." How near to execution came the proposal for an intervention by the English and French Governments we learn from correspondence between Russell and Palmerston. Indeed, it seems probable that if statesmen had dared to face their peoples with a project to re-establish slavery in the Southern States, the Confederate design of European interference would have been consummated.

The last volume gives the inner politics of that amazing plunge by which Napoleon the Little strove to recover his waning prestige, the war with Mexico and the foisting of the miserable Maximilian on an imperial throne which he was utterly incompetent to hold. The entanglements of this tale of multifarious intrigue and treachery, with its tragic catastrophe, are set forth in the wearisome repetition of official correspondence, but even so the monumental folly of the story staggers the credulity of readers.

Mr. Bigelow, in these volumes, containing nearly two thousand pages, carries us no further than 1866. He has, we gather, many more boxes full of letters. If we might venture a suggestion, it is that he should make out of them a book. This he has not done here. There is no selection, no compression, no consideration for the brevity of human life.

#### RACHEL.\*

For a chosen few among players, the gates of wonder have been opened. Of this shining fellowship was the Jewess Rachel, in whom the flames of genius and life itself were extinguished at thirty-eight. For Rachel also the gates of wonder were opened. Passing through them, with the mien and in the garb of Elektra, she drew light-hearted Paris after her, even to the confines of the Athens of Sophocles. For the scenes of Greek tragedy, when we recall the majestic spaces of the amphitheatre, the modern playhouse is a mere back-parlor; but Rachel appearing, the stage of the Français seemed limitless and roofless. As she stood there with outstretched arms, the audience felt, says Mme. de Faucigny-Lucinge, "l'émotion sacrée qu'on ressent devant une statue antique," and when her voice rose in imprec-

\* "Rachel et son Temps." Par A. de Faucigny-Lucinge. Paris: Emile-Paul. 3fr. 50c.



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tion it must have been, in the tremendous words of the collect, "a sudden great sound, as it had been a mighty wind."

The career of Rachel is a measure of what genius will accomplish in the theatre. Her resources were almost solely those of the tragic actress, for though she could and did occasionally play in comedy, she could lay no high commands upon the comic muse. In tragedy, moreover, the realm in which she took natural and unchallenged station, her force and sway were definitely bounded. Those parts wherein she seemed to be deified at once by her own spirit and by the spirit of the antique drama were few in number. Rachel was essentially a classicist; and at the time when she was acting her noblest at the Théâtre Français (and when in fact she was the Théâtre Français), classicism was pretty nearly at the last ditch in the long struggle with romanticism. The influence of Chateaubriand had not spent itself; the influence of Victor Hugo, of Lamartine, of Musset was still passing through the whole of French literature; and the influence of the youngest of the three schools of the romantics, represented chiefly by the exquisite Gautier, was already felt and relished. Alone, the Jew girl from the gutter, thin, consumptive, demoniac, kept her classic lamp alight. De Quincey, reviewing the talents of some Grecian orators, speaks in his magic way of the "naked quality of vehemence." Rachel is largely, though not wholly, in that phrase. By her naked quality of vehemence, joined, of course, with many other qualities, she, an alien in a hostile field, upheld the worship of the classic for sixteen years, in the Paris of all the romantics.

A Jew girl from the gutter! Yes; this was Rachel, and this was what she was. Not by origin nor by association had she any link with the theatre. There are and have been Thespian families upon the members of which the very fact of birth confers a kind of right to the perilous calling of the stage. But Rachel was no more dedicated to the footlights than Garrick was or Irving was. She fought for the place that she had first accidentally stumbled into. From the tattered days of childhood she was a delightful and indisputable proof that genius will be served. What a titillating, poignant picture we have of her trotting up and down the boulevards, harp in hand, and edging her way with fierce, bright shyness into cafés. "Are you cold?" asked old M. Choron, her first befriender. "Yes; but I'm a lot more hungry." To Paris she had come with her Hebrew parents; Hebrews whose slender commerce with the world drove them to be wanderers upon the face of France, and almost mendicants. The father was a pedlar, "marchant ambulant"; travelling here and there, gipsywise, in a little cart. Something lured him to Paris; and in Paris it was that the child Rachel began to kick her heels up, singing and improvising; not in frolic, but to gather coppers for the common store.

On one of her nightly rounds the child was met by Choron, eminent music-teacher, and no laggard in philanthropy. This benefactor's death, soon after he had placed her in his school, sent Rachel home again, and probably again to the streets. One day a neighbor lent her a volume of Racine ("Not that you'll find much in it, dear, I'm afraid!"); and in this the muse of fire spoke at last to her. But like the Peri at the gate of Eden she stood long disconsolate. The hawkers, water-carriers, and out-of-works round about where she lodged knew quite well that the child of Judah was a genius, but could hardly force the theatre for her. She managed it all by herself, beginning at a shabby little concert-room, where she was seen by one of the people of the Gymnase Theatre. This discerning person took Rachel to the manager, Poirson, who seems at once to have recognised in her a recruit to be enlisted. Poirson brought her out in a piece imitated from Sir Walter Scott. This was in 1837, when Rachel was scarcely more than sixteen.

Poirson was something more than an astute manager; he proved himself to be also a man in whom the traffic of the stage had not frozen the current of the soul. He saw where the débutante's future lay, and calling her into his room one morning, he said: "My dear child, I am proud of you, but I do not wish to circumscribe your talent. There is a greater stage than mine for you. Tragedy is dead at the Comédie Française; you shall go there and call

it back to life." In a year from this date, on June 12th, 1838, Rachel, not yet eighteen, was applauded on the boards of the House of Molière. "Rachel était transfigurée," is the author's suggestive summing-up. Dr. Véron, one of the best and raciest gossips of the period, said that the young actress, unknown the night before, "revealed herself in a flash"; and that eccentric character, Barbey d'Aureville, went about proclaiming "la grâce incorporelle de Rachel, la Psyché Rachel, la Psyché presque ailée."

But though this Psyche might indeed, as d'Aureville said, have wings, she was not in one night borne by them into her true empyrean. A woman's work, observed a gentleman at a Cambridge Commencement (how he came to say it there one knows not), "is never done"; and the statement is doubtless very true indeed of the woman whose work is play-acting. But Rachel had character as well as genius, and effort in her craft was natural to her. To revive Racine and Corneille, for audiences that had tasted of the modern art of Hugo, Dumas, and Alfred de Vigny, must have meant, in the case of so young and inexperienced an actress, an immense deal of study and practice of the severest technical sort; and Rachel, like many another great performer, had sundry defects to get rid of. Her power and truth of gesture seem almost from the first to have been quite wonderful; and she had the expressive Israelitish features that carry emotions across the lamps before the words are spoken; but her voice in her younger days lacked flexibility, sonority, and variety. She developed it into an organ that must have been well-nigh perfect for tragic utterance. Here is an interesting note by an anonymous English critic of the last century:—

"By careful training her originally hard and harsh voice had become flexible and melodious, and its low and muffled notes under the influence of passion possessed a thrilling and penetrating quality that was irresistible. When excited, her plain features became transfigured by the glow of genius, and in her impersonations of evil and malignant emotions there was a majesty and dignity which fascinated whilst it repelled. Her facial elocution was unsurpassable in variety and expressiveness, whilst the grace of her gestures, and the marvellous skill with which she varied her tones with every shade of thought and emotion, were completely beyond criticism."

In London, where she came three years after Queen Victoria's accession to the throne, and in Russia, Germany, Austria, and Holland, the magnetic Jewess was fêted and almost adulated. Signal everywhere, though chiefly, of course, in her own country, were her social triumphs. She divined the world, one may say, as she had divined the theatre. Intellectual and artistic Paris had a lively and deep regard for her; and in salons the most exclusive of the Faubourg St. Germain (at least until she had electrified the town by reciting the "Marseillaise": what one would give to have heard this!) she enjoyed a homage that was manifestly genuine. They say it was a delight merely to hear her speak. ("Madame," said the Comte Molé to her at Mme. Recamier's, "vous avez sauvé la langue Française"); and her air and manner in private displayed nothing of the portentous Grundyism of our splendid Siddons, who asked for porter in blank verse, and eyed an unattainable mustard-pot as it had been the urn of Orestes' ashes.

Born at a poor Swiss inn in 1820, this daughter of Israel and the gods died of consumption, at Cannet, near Cannes, in 1858. In the history of the French stage there are two imperishable names: Talma and Rachel; and as the woman was (we fancy) indisputably greater than the man, so is her renown so-day. So far forth as the stage can immortalise, they are both of the immortals.

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\* "The Faith and Modern Thought." By William Temple, Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford. Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.



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We cordially echo Dr. Sadler's tribute to the vigor, courage, and independence with which Mr. Temple has treated this great and difficult subject; and we may add that his lucidity of thought and simplicity of language make the book delightful reading. In a course of popular lectures to young people, printed as they were delivered, it would, of course, be foolish to expect an exhaustive treatment. The demand for definiteness of impression requires a certain dogmatism of statement, which a sympathetic reader will gladly overlook, while hoping that so fresh and striking an argument as is here presented may before long receive a more adequate exposition. Some of the chief difficulties of Christian faith, such as those that attend belief in prayer and in miracles, are here scarcely noticed at all.

Christian apologetic has moved far since the days when science and historical criticism were regarded as hostile forces, and the only question seemed to be what remnants of territory they would leave for Faith to occupy. Modern apologists, like Mr. Temple, have turned them into allies, and their territory, with full self-government, is now part of the imperial domain. There is a striking change, also, in the universality of the appeal that can now be made. Formerly, the divisions of Christendom gave a powerful weapon to the hostile critic. To those who desired him to accept Christianity, his easy answer was, "Which? Is it to be Catholic or Evangelical, Calvinist or Mystical?" Each creed seemed to be defending itself by arguments that destroyed the others. The outward divisions persist, but the inward separation is breaking down. And the reason clearly is that truth is one, and that its fearless and honest pursuit leads by many paths to one goal. Opinions and practices separate; facts and truth unite. As William Penn wrote long ago, "Humble and devout souls are everywhere of one religion." There is very little in Mr. Temple's argument that betrays his color, or that need be unacceptable to Christians of whatever hue.

The strongest feature in his method of dealing with the subject is the way in which he weaves together lines of argument in four strands, showing how they support one another. These are: Personal religious experience, the necessities of philosophic thought, the facts of history as revealed by critical study, and the witness of the Christian fellowship. These are brought to bear on the fundamental contradiction between reason and experience. Reason demands that the world shall be a coherent system; the presence of evil makes it, as experienced, a chaos. What is to resolve this hopeless and apparently irreconcilable antagonism? Nothing, urges Mr. Temple, but Christianity—with its revelation of love as the ultimate principle of the universe, and of atonement as the means whereby good is brought out of evil.

The argument will appeal differently to different minds; but it is worthy of the respectful attention of all seekers after truth.

#### A SATIRE ON JOURNALISM.\*

THIS is a satire on journalism, and the victims of Mr. Montague's bitter wit lie strewn about every corner of Fleet Street. No type is spared; neither the old-fashioned party newspaper, Tory or Liberal, nor its successor, the merely "yellow" journal, trading under the motto of "patriotism," much as a saddler or costumier blazons his shop front with the Royal Arms. Mr. Montague finds them all guilty of the crime which he cannot pardon, the false coining of words. He assails these offenders with extraordinary brilliancy and vindictiveness, chases them out of every corner of refuge, and in the joy of exposure makes almost a serious hero of his comic villain, a kind of Captain Shandon, plumped down in a Manchester newspaper office. His novel gives you no rest; like "A Tale of a Tub," it harries every kind of game that flies, until the hunter has shaken the last feather out of the scarecrows of the mind that he pursues. The effect of this continual glitter of satirical writing is now and then a little over-dazzling, and we are not quite sure whether Mr. Montague's victims will understand it. But it is astonishingly good. Our only doubt is whether its author, in clearing the Temple of Journalism of the

sinners who defile its outer courts, has not swept away the Sacred Edifice itself.

The main stuff of "A Hind Let Loose," is, we are afraid, one of the open secrets of journalism. Most of us know the bright spirit who is "on hire" to the party newspaper, and it seems a little invidious that both Thackeray and Mr. Montague should assume that he is usually an Irishman. In Fay-Moloney, indeed, he creates for his purpose a special variety of the type. We have known convinced Tories who have habitually written Radical articles, and Radicals who have spent the best part of their lives in a Tory newspaper office. "Mark Rutherford," for example, makes a brief, impressive study of such a man, who, with Radical sentiments, is "obliged to be violently Tory" in his articles, though he "draws the line at religion." But Fay-Moloney perpetrates the really dazzling wickedness of writing, on the same evening, the leading article (on the same topic) for the Tory "Warder" and the Radical "Stalwart," and presently illumines, to the same purpose, the new patriotic organ of everybody—Radicals, Tories, and a *tertium quid*. Thus Mr. Montague is able to drive home to the full-stop of his last chapter his thesis of the unreality of journalism. For see how Fay's impish talent has served his employers. Both to the "Warder" and the "Stalwart" this paragon of imitative-ness has imparted the character which endears it to its readers. "The Warder" he feeds with good "John Bull" common-sense Toryism; into the "Stalwart," that acid regenerator of mankind, he stokes fuel appropriate to its Baptist soul. He even keeps up the Pott and Slurk polemics of the two journals: rebukes the "Warder" for its "Chinese torpor," and retorts on the "Stalwart" for its "compost of maudlin sentiment and gabbling abuse"; and all the time writes interchangeable articles, which will fit either into the Radical or the Tory slot. The game is only apparently up when Fay and Moloney are revealed to be one and the same person. Then the two editor-proprietors set to work to realise the journalistic "soul" that this rascally genius has improvised for them both. But the spirit will not rise: Fay-Moloney has "queered the pitch." His make-believe has come to be so much the real thing that the clients of Brumby, of the "Warder," write imploring him to "sack his wishy-washy windbag of an understudy," and give them again something from the fountain-head—"just a little plain, English common-sense, from someone who means what he says and says what he means," while voices in the train torture the listening Pinn, the Radical, by asking each other what has gone wrong with the "Stalwart"—with its "fat pi jaw about moderation"? The chorus becomes intolerable to both oracles, so they sneak off their tripods to Fay's shabby lodgings, and entreat him to come back to them both on his own terms, and give the people—both the peoples—"what they want." Even this is not the limit of Fay's triumph, for Roads, the "yellow press" organiser, is a third connoisseur of the unmeaning, and is so tickled with Fay's master-building, that he engages him for the journal that will make all Halland conscious of itself as "the second city of the Empire." So Fay pontificates for the three.

Mr. Montague's satire is the instinctive cry of the honest and able journalist, and if we take it to be written in mockery of party advocacy, the anonymous habit of our newspapers, and the whole mechanism of a cheap traffic in ready brains set up to counterfeit culture, we shall be the last to deny it point and efficacy. Dickens, Thackeray, and Trollope have done it before—"avec tendresse." Mr. Montague has no "tendresse." He is an implacable intellectualist, one of the most accomplished and truthful of political writers, and therefore, perhaps, the more contemptuous of the conventional pleading which any clever pen can imitate. It is certainly worth our while to inquire how it has come about that the business which once could hire Addison and Swift is now content to hire the "leader-writers" of the "Daily Mail." France has not come to that pass; and a balance of advantage would seem to rest with the system which, within the last four years, could retain as working journalists two men who have succeeded each other as Prime Ministers, and a third who will probably be Prime Minister before he dies. Why is much of our journalism so meaningless, so insincere, so open to Mr. Montague's taunt that any smart stranger can play upon

\* "A Hind Let Loose." By C. E. Montague. Methuen. 6s.

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its conductors and its public? And if the secret lies with the poor, backward taste and uncritical spirit that produced the old journalism, we are afraid the remedy does not lie with the new type which Mr. Montague scoffs at in this brilliant passage:—

"Going on with £150,000 in pocket, from strength to strength, he founded a daily paper, not for talented people and sportsmen only, but for everybody. Soon he had two—one in a Scotch city, one in an English; each when opened undoubtedly gave you a more poignant first sense of the appalling or intoxicating character of yesterday than any of the older journals offered for double the money. You might often think, from the way those niggards fobbed off their customers, that nothing seismic or cataclysmic at all had happened for twenty-four hours. Roads resented this slander on the richness, the diversity of life; no day but, as his paper showed, England was slapped in the face, by somebody, somewhere; no day but he rolled up Britannia's sleeve and said, 'Feel that biceps!' It kept your blood nicely on the boil. New worlds, too, came in to cover the bald places of the old, and our Mother England's broken and precarious flow of murders and connubial convulsions worth reporting was replenished from a score of tributary rills in Paris, Brussels, Vienna, and Melbourne; the lusts of New York and the homicides of California enriched for the first time the sacred home life of English families at their next morning's breakfast."

#### FOUR NOVELS.\*

MR. EDGAR JEPSON is a novelist who is always interesting. Long ago—which is to say some twelve or thirteen years ago—he wrote a book called "The Passion for Romance," which deals in a vein of grave and yet vivid satire with certain passing follies of the time. He followed up this success with an enchanting fantasy called "Keepers of the People," which is in reality a panegyric on the extreme Toryism put in romantic form; later he invented "Lady Noggs," and while he was publishing the amazing achievements of this heroine, he wrote a little book called "The Horned Shepherd," which, as it seems to the writer, is quite an amazing achievement in the reconstruction of certain age-old mysteries. Now again, in "No. 19," he treats of the mysteries, and he has used his very considerable knowledge of such matters as the substratum of a tale of great sensational interest. The scene is laid in a mild and peaceful suburb of London, called Hertford Park, and thus is the note of the book struck in an early chapter:—

"One evening I sat waiting with one of the oldest inhabitants of the Park, Mr. Herbert Vincent, till a court should be vacant and we could play singles. We were talking as we waited; and presently he said, 'You live in the Walden Road, don't you?'"

"Yes, at No. 20," said I.

"Do you find anything queer about the road?"

"Queer? No. How do you mean?" I said in some surprise.

"Well, I can remember the time when every house in it was always occupied. But for the last five or six years it has been impossible to get people to stay in it. One family, at any rate, cleared out when they had been in it only two months, and went on paying rent for their house for three years; they lived at No. 18. Another family cleared out of No. 16 because they could not get a servant to stay with them."

"As I came down Walden Road I thought of what Vincent had said about its being queer. Truly, it was very still; and the fancy came to me that there rested on it the brooding hush which sometimes comes before a storm."

Now this passage very fairly indicates the task which the author has set before him. He has willed to enchant Suburbia, to summon the fume and flame of the abyss into a modern street, to make the trim lawn of a newly built villa the meeting place of those dark and surmised Powers that some believe to be the concealed inhabitants of material nature. Of course, it is easy enough to ridicule Pan; to declare that there does not exist, in *rerum natura*, a being of terror who manifests as half-man, half-goat. There is no such being; but the grotesque monster with horns and hoofs who does not exist, is the pictorial symbol of forces which do exist. The fashion of symbol changes; the old Greek image of Pan is obsolete these many centuries; but there are those who are inclined to think that the ancient

mystery of Pan is rehearsed to-day under a very different symbol, and beneath less picturesque disguises. And, quite apart from its strong sensational interest, Mr. Jepson's story really states some highly interesting psychical questions.

While Mr. Jepson is concrete and direct, Mrs. Antrobus is abstract and allusive. "The Stone Ezel" was a huge boulder standing on the wild border of a wild northern village between moor and forest. For this monolith the country people had a vague but intense reverence and fear; as the author hints, it had possibly been the symbol of some forgotten religion, and still preserved a certain measure of its ancient sanctions:—

"There was, too, a dim idea of the Stone as a witness, possibly an avenger; so that the death, nearly two centuries before this present time, of a young and beautiful woman, killed by the hoof of a rearing horse, was held ominous to the family of the rider, her husband. Close by the great boulder she died, and her story, like all other stories of the Stone, was handed down from generation to generation of the long-remembered people of the soil."

The Vengeance of the Stone Ezel is the theme of the book; it falls on the guiltless descendant of the guilty Adye in a strange and terrible fashion. But the murderer of the last of the Adyes does not escape scot-free. He had fled to South America, but the avenger was on his trail:—

"And now, my dear friend," said the General, when dinner was over and cigarettes lighted, "what happy chance or design has brought you hither. Will you join us? A command—any command—is at your feet."

"A thousand thanks! Would that I could accept your generous offer, but my visit must be brief—too brief. I came from England to ask a favour."

"It is granted. Do I not owe life to you?"

"Well, I want one of your officers hanged."

"With pleasure. They all deserve it! Who is the man?"

So the murderer meets his deserts, and the last chapter ends on the note of happiness, with one of the old race once more in the old home of her fathers.

From these two books to Miss Crommelin's "Lovers on the Green" is a passage from one extreme to another. Mr. Jepson is all for terrors and occult mystery, Mrs. Antrobus has a tale of doom to tell; and Miss Crommelin has written a very pretty pastoral. "Cranford," that exquisite classic, must have served her as a model; the book is a picture of a village community whose habitations circle round "Gospel Green"; and with very considerable ingenuity, the writer, while affecting to be purely idyllic, weaves half-a-dozen pleasant little romances into one connected tale. The heroine, Serona Doyne, is the centre of the interest, she both witnesses and assists at the interludes that are played on the Green; and all the while, in the background, there is her own love-story, beginning in blank and hopeless despair, and ending with all fit happiness and good fortune. The episode of the three Belgian countesses and the *gouvernante* is really capitally done, and the final curtain—the discovery of the frumpish old lady's real station—comes as a surprise and a delight. And the affair of the Lee-Carters, of more serious import, is equally well managed in its way. "Lovers on the Green" is capital reading for any season, but it is above all a "holiday" book; it will be best read in a hammock under a tree, on a sunny August afternoon.

"They also Serve," by Christopher Stone, is a pleasant and interesting book. It fails in one way; the author impresses on the reader the philosophic depth and wisdom of Mr. Cotiller, a blind author. Now Mr. Cotiller is a most amiable man; he is in a way the "god from the machine" of a careful and successful plot; but his philosophy hardly strikes us as possessing the depth and significance claimed for it. Here is an example of the Cotiller system:—

"The mechanical business of life, such as administration, or cleaning boots, or holding services in churches, or law-suits, are only justifiable because they are mechanical; the child does not find them necessary, but since they are necessary, or at least conventional and not easily negligible, we teach the child all the domestic virtues, neatness and practical habits and concentration on trivialities. The wise man knows that these unavoidable trivialities can be relegated to their proper sphere, and in our Western ethics, so noble and strenuous in their lessons of unselfishness and chivalry, we can often find no better epitaph for a man who has never seen over the hedge than that 'he has fought a good fight.'"

Now we have here an old heresy—Manicheism—under a new disguise. The implied doctrine is that the spirit is

\* "No. 19." By Edgar Jepson. Mills & Boon. 6s.

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everything, and that the body—the external—is nothing. And this is a proposition which must always be false, always productive of bad results both in body and spirit, in a world which is a compound of body and spirit. And then again we may question whether law-suits are mechanical, and whether a child can do without them. When Johnny smacks Dolly over a dispute as to the possession of an apple or a piece of chocolate, a nursery law-suit or criminal process is made inevitable; and, indeed, every law-suit is a civilised substitute for the ancient trial by combat. And, by the way, Mr. George Alexander may be astonished to learn, on the authority of Mr. Cotiller, that there are "several lines" in "The Importance of Being Earnest," "which no lady would care to speak before an audience."

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Buenos Ayres Pacific .. .. .	87 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	89 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
Steel Common .. .. .	87 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	90 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
Peru Pref. ... .. .	40	39 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>

THE Money Market remains easy in spite of a much reduced Bank reserve, simply because the Income tax screw is not working. Hence the need for caution.

Much nonsense is talked about the horror which the Government's failure to carry the Budget has produced in the minds of City men. Of course, nine men out of ten in the City hate the Government. But they hate it far more for introducing the Budget last spring than for not re-introducing it now. They would like it re-introduced if it helped Mr. Balfour to oust Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George, but not otherwise. In fact, the passage of the Budget would distress them very much, and would certainly hamstring the Trade. The loss of revenue this year, amounting to 28 millions, is due, of course, to the House of Lords; but you never hear the House of Lords blamed by the nine gentlemen I have referred to. The tenth will blame them, but the tenth is a Liberal. I should add that most of the people who would pay super tax are quite anxious that the ordinary Income tax should be immediately paid. Much pressure is being put on the Irish by the Trade and other rich and influential persons to vote against the Budget. Meanwhile the whisky duty must continue until the Budget is passed.

#### RUBBER PRICES AND RUBBER SHARES.

There is, of course, a very close connection between the rubber share boom and the extraordinary high prices which rubber is now fetching. The rate at which shares in new rubber companies are being subscribed by an ignorant and credulous public would speedily slacken if the price of rubber fell two or three shillings. But of this there is no sign. In the Rubber Sale Rooms, Mincing Lane, at the fortnightly sale on Wednesday, buyers, it is reported, were present in force, and the utmost keenness was displayed in the bidding. The largest quantity of rubber ever put forward was on sale, the total being a little over 200 tons or about 3,800 packages. The first proposal ("Smoked Sheet") realised up to 10s. 6<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>d. per lb., as against 9s. 10<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub>d. a fortnight ago. Other grades met with good support at considerable advances. Of course, these tremendous prices mean tremendous profits for those lucky plantations which are already producing and have rubber to sell. But there is really no reason for thinking that the price of rubber next year or the year after may not be nearer five than ten shillings. And there is good reason for supposing (as many well-informed "bears" do) that speculators have been cornering rubber, so that there may be quite enough to supply the real demand.

#### THE RUBBER BOOM.

The movement in the shares of rubber-producing companies really began three years ago, quietly and modestly, in Mincing Lane, where merchants, who knew what had been done in the tea industry, devoted their attention to the expansion of rubber production, and helped to supply planters with capital because they anticipated an ever-increasing trade. The actual speculative boom, however, did not begin until last December, and was the direct result of the upward rush in the price of rubber, which was yielding fabulous dividends to a number of existing plantations. There are now hardly less than two hundred companies with shares on the market, with an aggregate nominal capital of perhaps twelve millions sterling. But this capitalisation is not all, because many of the rubber shares are standing at premiums of several hundred per cent. Shares of one concern, for instance, with a par value of one pound sterling, started last year at £4<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>, and rose to £14<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>. And this hardly exaggerates the general movement of shares in rubber producing companies. But in these cases investors are on comparatively firm ground compared with those who recklessly buy shares in new companies, many of which are floated by unscrupulous adventurers merely to fill their own pockets. The new companies will get no rubber for five or six years, except where they buy planted estates at ridiculous prices ranging up to £500 per acre. So there is plenty of scope just now for a tremendous slump. It is significant that the lately floated rubber companies (about five come out every day) have not been much over subscribed. The public appetite has apparently been satiated.

#### THE STEEL CORPORATION.

Labor troubles in the United States, fear of Supreme Court decisions, the unpopularity of the Government, and other factors (especially new bond issues), are all adverse to Wall Street; but, of course, the fall in prices may have gone far enough for the present. But investors should be wary; for trade seems now once more to be declining in the States. Here, for instance, is the last report from the well-informed Pittsburg correspondent of the New York "Evening Post" on the iron and steel trade. As regards pig iron he writes:—

"The one thing evident to us at Pittsburg is that sentiment in the trade is decidedly mixed. Trade journals this week referred to an improved tone in the pig-iron market, and then immediately contradicted the statements by pointing out evidences of weakness. The "Iron Age," for instance, reduced its quotations on basic iron to \$16 per ton, valley, while the "Iron Trade Review" quoted prompt at \$17 and first quarter at \$17.25 per ton, valley furnaces. Basic has certainly sold lower than \$16, but not in sufficient quantity to establish the market; yet it seems evident that the tendency in iron is toward a lower level, both in the North and South."

Then, with special reference to the Steel Corporation, he adds:—

"The blowing out of two Carnegie Steel furnaces, presumably for relining, and the backwardness of the Corporation in blowing in the two completed furnaces at Gary, reflect the situation accurately, and, in fact, further announcements of stacks going out to blast are expected here. The continued

heaviness of coke, despite a 20 per cent. curtailment in production, is also significant, and curtailment of iron output, in line with the falling off in demand, is not only natural but prudent. Along with the weakness in iron, there are persistent reports of concessions in finished materials, and the fact that independent manufacturers are complaining that they are losing business to the subsidiaries of the Steel Corporation suggests that prices are being shaded."

This seems rather important, and it has inspired the "Post" to comment on the possibility of the dividend on Steel Common being reduced. Of course, the very existence of the Steel Corporation seems to be jeopardised by the decisions of the Supreme Court. New York financiers are much dissatisfied with the President and with Attorney-General Wickersham, who is now said to write bills before he has thought out the subject. It all comes of thinking that the tyranny of the trusts and of monopoly prices can be removed without removing the cause, which is the Tariff.

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